# SAILOR'S LETTERS.

1607/1153

WRITTEN TO HIS

SELECT FRIENDS IN ENGLAND,

DURING HIS C*P;

# VOYAGES and TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, and AMERICA.

FROM THE YEAR 1754 TO 1759.

BY

EDWARD THOMPSON,

LIEUTENANT OF THE NAVY.

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In Two Volumes.

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M DCC LXVI.

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APR

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF EGMONT,

VISCOUNT PERCEVAL OF KANTURK,

LORD LOVEL, AND HOLLAND

OF ENMORE;

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY,

F. R. S. &c. &c.

These Letters are, with the most profound respect, inscribed,

By his Lordship's

Most obedient,

Most devoted,

Humble Servant,

EDWARD THO

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
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APR

# PROLEGOMENA.

PROSE Preface precedes books in verſe,
As mutes parade before a hearſe:
But here, to change the mode, I choſe
With rhime to introduce my proſe.
At BATH, thus *Derrick*, the poetical,
Leads out in minuet geometrical.
So flow'ry Prologues ſtrew the way,
And help ſometimes a heavy play.
If this ſhould have that good effect,
And ſave my Bark from being wreck'd;
Or ſhould the truths amuſe an hour
Some HELEN under ſome ſweet bower;
Or ſave a youth firſt bound to ſea,
From that fell rock, low company!
They'll anſwer ev'ry wiſh'd intent,
The POET and the *Sailor* meant.

And now in form let me proceed,
And tell the reader, what he'll read.

DE

De Foe, the trav'ler of his time,
Form'd Cruſoe and a fav'rite clime ;
Which fancy oft in days of yore
Had ſought, but never found before.
Swift caught the flame,--and with more eaſe,
Rais'd wonders as he croſs'd the ſeas :
Language he gave a ſorrel nag,
And giants form'd for *Brobdignag*.
All Lilliput was made by Swift,——
*Truth* was the Dean's peculiar gift.——
But here you'll find, as ſtrange as true,
The Author and the Sailor too.——
To this, from injur'd Raleigh's time,
Few Tars have writ in proſe or rhime.——
A *Guinea-pig*, I firſt was ta'en,
And far as *India* cut the main.
(A'prenticeſhip to make a tar ;)
Next preſs'd on board a man of war :
Where I, (unknown at any college,)
Studied ſev'n years and got no knowlege :
Nay what is more ſurprizing ſtill,
At Hampſtead bred,---not Pindus' Hill.
Ne'er by the *Muſes* honoured yet,
To drink Bohea, or play picquet
Ne'er ſung with Virgil epic lays,
Nor laugh'd with Martial nights and days;
With Horace ne'er was aſk'd to dine,
Or taſte his pure Falernian wine ;
Nor upon Ovid caſt an eye,
Tho' he *lov'd Love* as well as I :

Ne'er

Ne'er ſwam with HERO to LEANDER,
Nor play'd with TERENCE or MENANDER:
And yet I've had a wond'rous ſcope,—
But all beyond the *Cape of Hope.*
When I deſcribe a little man,
Him I have ſeen in *Indoſtan*;
Or tell of monſters large or ſmall,
Behold the natives of *Bengal.*
A *burning Wife* may raiſe your grief,
Or ſtagger for a time belief;——
Truth will in all the facts agree,
So *Utrum mavis,——accipe.*
'Tis no ſurprize—a drowned woman
Above bridge and below is common.
The Elephant, ſagacious creature,
May raiſe ſurprize in every feature;
Although Dan POPE, half reas'ning terms it,
And *Biſhop Warburton* confirms it;
Wiſdom you muſt allow the beaſt,——
Ay, half as much as bard or prieſt,
The ſtone at top of mount *Hammamell,*
Perhaps you'll call or whale or camel;
Think as you will——but if you doubt,
The place itſelf will point it out.

My Muſe, a *Will-o'-whiſp* will ſeem
To you, who wander but in Dream:
In Indian climes you find her firſt,
Panting, poor wench! quite choak'd with
thirſt;

Then,

Then, like a bird of paſſage, ſtems
The air, and ſwims the river EMS:
Next with new pinions ſhe defies
Thoſe ſtorms that cloud the weſtern ſkies.
Quick to AMERICA ſhe wings,
And of TOBAGO's hermit ſings.
She then whirls with this whirling ball,
And weeps o'er LISBON's dreadful fall.

Readers! theſe trips call what you pleaſe,
When very young, ſhe croſs'd the ſeas.
Forgive, my Friends, the Muſe's youth,
She never leaps the bounds of truth!
If proſe and rhime, alas! ſhould jar,
She's half a poet, half a tar.
Half fiſh, half fleſh, e'en what you will,——
Bred to the *Bow-lines*, not the *Quill*.
Should ye not find ſome pleaſing letter,
Pity the tar, and wiſh them better.
For it was never known before,
That Miſs THALIA trowſers wore.

* Cætera deſiderantur. *

30 APR 68

# LETTERS.

## LETTER I.

### To H. M Eſq;

At ſea, April, 1754.

AFTER a melancholy tedious confinement to ſky and water, the eye is at laſt eaſed with the ſight of a ſhip bound to you, and though a ſtructure of a ſimilar appearance, yet it affords ſome relief, and much pleaſure, as it may be the happy means of this reaching your hands. Till this, ſir, the abilities and experience of age never appeared clearly to me to be ſuperior to youth—I now diſtinctly ſee where I was partial and opiniated, and when I ought to have embraced your advice, where I rejected it. I've often wondered to myſelf how you came by that perfect knowledge of a ſea-life, for although in theory, yet deſcribed in ſo lively a manner, to equal the moſt horrid parts of practice—But

alas ! dear ſir, it is in vain to repent ; I muſt go on, though your deſcriptions of *doubling the Cape*, are enough juſt now to damp that, which, o'er a winter's fire, ſerved only to ſtir a paſſion I could wiſh had ever lain dormant. But hitherto, our paſſage has been tolerable, though boiſterous,——but pleaſant, when a man can think like a ſeaman, that his greateſt bleſſing is a fair wind. But ſurely great allowance muſt be made for ſuch extravagancies of thought, when every hope of a ſailor hangs on the wings of the wind.——Nothing can load them with that dejection of ſpirit as a ſtill calm, and calms are ſometimes in theſe ſouthern latitudes ſo tedious, as even to occaſion a putrefaction of the ſea. In theſe times, when every thing ſeems to loſe motion with the air, the ſhips are generally viſited by ſharks. The taking one of theſe monſters has been the unhappy occaſion of one of the moſt terrible ſcenes I ever beheld.——Miſs H. a young lady of beauty, virtue, and good [illegible], going to Bombay, and betrothed by [illegible] parents in England to a gentleman of the council in India, too eagerly beholding one of theſe creatures out of her cabin window, fell over board and was drowned : tho' all immediate aſſiſtance was given, yet every endeavour was in vain to ſave this amiable lady, who periſhed in an unatural element, though ſerene

and

and calm. The fright muſt certainly have killed her from the horror of the monſter, for it was not the fifth part of a minute before ſhe was taken up. The ſorrows on this unhappy occaſion are general and great——and mine, alas! almoſt inſupportable from the affection and friendſhip I bore this dear young creature—though neither my youth or ſituation could entitle me to the leaſt ſhare of her eſteem. So univerſal a grief never appeared amongſt one ſet of people, a people I thought unfeeling till this--But, alas! they ſeem emulous to lament her fate. Had he known her, what retaliation could fortune and the world have made the man for whom ſhe was deſigned! Here he is happy in not knowing the ſweeteſt, faireſt creature nature ever framed. Whene'er I ſee him, I'll paint her virtues ſo lively, he ſhall grieve he did not know her—I that I ever did, you that you have ſo unhappy a friend as

Your ——

## LETTER II.

To H. M. Eſq;

Madraſs, July 7, 1754.

OUR paſſage to this place has been quick, not exceeding four months from our leaving England; but, tho' deemed a ſhort one, of ſufficient length to make me weary of ſky and water. I never felt ſo pleaſing a ſenſation as on my firſt beholding the iſland of Zeylon, where all the ſweeteſt beauties of nature are collected for the recreation of mankind. I do aſſure you I am no ways partial to this lovely ſpot, though, from its appearance and ſituation, I believe the natives would find it an eaſy matter to perſuade me it was the original Paradiſe. The Zeylones boaſt of their antiquity, and they make uſe of a ſtrong argument from record in behalf of this opinion; they produce the mountain called Adam's Peek, upon which they pretend are many inſcriptions on ſtone, to confirm all their aſſertions. 'Tis a journey, I muſt own, I was never ambitious of taking, and the principal means of their ſupporting this argument; but, at preſent give me leave to paſs it at ſea; and, in another letter, I promiſe you ſhall have their ſentiments on this terreſtrial paradiſe.

diſe. In paſſing this iſland, 'tis impoſſible for you to conceive how the fragrance of the land-breeze revives our ſcurvy ſpirits. But the ſeamen, who are ever extravagant in their opinions, declare they have ſmelt it before they ſaw it; and that dogs, in approaching the land, give ſtrong indications of the proximity. I muſt own I cannot boaſt of ſo canine a noſe, being till this troubled with a polypus, which is entirely removed by the warmth of theſe ſouthern-latitudes. I have ſmelt this land fifteen leagues, but no other in the world, which may be attributed to the aromatic ſhrubs and trees which abound here: but there is yet a ſtronger argument in favour of the fragrance of the air, the Dutch being permitted to export annually a limited quantity of cinnamon and other ſpices, they burn the reſidue, which is afterwards thrown into the ſea, where it covers the ſurface, for leagues, like tanner's bark. One would imagine Milton had met with ſomething ſimilar to this place, in his travels into Italy: and tho' he has ſaid more upon it than any man did before or ſince, yet it falls vaſtly ſhort of its beauties.

——— "Now gentle gales,
"Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe

" Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they
" ſtole [ſail
" Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who
" Beyond *the Cape of Hope*, and now are paſt
" *Mozambic*, oft at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
" *Sabæan oder*, from the ſpicy ſhore
" Of *Araby* the bleſt, with ſuch delay
" Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and
" many a league [ſmiles.
" Chear'd with the grateful ſmell old ocean

Notwithſtanding this iſland lies ſo near the continent of India, and is ſo abundantly fruitful in every thing, and crowned with eternal verdure; yet the main is a ſteril, ſandy ſoil. Madraſs is our principal ſettlement on the coaſt of Coromandel, and is ſituated about three hundred paces from the ſea, in the latitude of thirteen degrees north. It is by much the moſt healthful place we poſſeſs in this part of India, and defended by a fortification inferior to few in Europe. The town is regularly built; the houſes airy and elegant; the ſtreets ſpacious and well paved; but only inhabited by Europeans: the natives, being pagans, after their daily labour, retire to their clay huts, about a mile from the walls. There is a good church with an organ, tho' a little prayer goes a long way with the Engliſh here. There are alſo public gardens,

where

where the ladies and gentlemen repair in an evening in their palanquins; an indolent method of travelling: but well adapted to the climate, and the vaſſalage of the eaſt. They are much like our ſedans, only poles at each end inſtead of the ſides, which four men ſupport on their ſhoulders. If this oriental pomp could be conveyed to London, or the ladies of faſhion conveyed here (without that diſagreeable circumſtance of doubling the Cape, or paſſing the more dreadful deſerts of Perſia and Arabia) Bath and Scarborough would be entirely neglected for the pomp and ſerenity of theſe climes. They would only lay under the obligation of bringing their muſic; for what they call muſic here, is only the confuſed jumble of a number of inſtruments, its noiſe being its excellence; for every performer ſeems emulous to be the loudeſt, as much as I am to be

Your humble ſervant.

## LETTER III.

### To Mr. L*.

Madraſs, July 8, 1754.

AMONGST all the hiſtorical paſſages you have read, and the many tours you have made to the different parts of the world. I don't think you ever met any thing ſo aſtoniſhing as the ſuperſtition of this people: tho' bleſſed with the livelieſt natural parts, they are guilty of the moſt ſurpriſing abſurdities, and all under the ſpacious name of religion. The inhabitants of this coaſt are chiefly pagans, of the Jento caſt, who ſtrictly believe in the doctrine of tranſmigration; maintaining, that the human ſoul paſſes from one degree of being to another, and continually actuates ſome organiſed body for a certain revolution of years (ſuppoſing its ſin to be expiated) and then joins the bleſſed in eternal bliſs. The Bramins, or Brachmans, called by the antients gymnoſophiſts, from going naked, living in ſolitude, and feeding on vegetables; by whom Pythagoras was taught the opinion of the metempſychoſis, which opinion they rigidly adhere to and practiſe. In every town there are different degrees of theſe Bramins, their fame depending

depending on their auſterities and the rigid performance of their vows, tho', in fact, they are divided into two claſſes; the firſt voluntarily retire to woods and deſarts, to ſtudy nature and aſtronomy; the ſecond live in the world to admoniſh princes, direct the ſtate, and teach religion and morality to the people. No man ſets out on a journey without the advice of the magi, and till they declare it a fortunate hour, the journey is poſtponed, tho' ever ſo material; and things of leſs moment, in common domeſtic affairs, are never executed without the knowledge of the Bramin. Theſe divines are diſtinguiſhed by ſtreaks of paint acroſs their foreheads, and ſtrings of packthread round their necks; but, above all, a piece of muſlin covers the mouth to prevent inſects being deſtroyed by flying in, by which they might untimely deſtroy a parent in a fly, before he had worked his expiation in that body, or the God of nature meant his death. Theſe Bramins are great aſtrologers and diviners; and, from the fame they had acquired, I roſe one morning early with a friend, to be convinced of that which wore greatly the air of improbability. We found the philoſopher in a little thatched clay hut, in the midſt of a grove of Tamarind trees, abſorbed in ſtudy: for the Bramins have ſtill by them ſome books of great antiquity, their principal

attention being paid to the calculation of eclipſes, in which they are remarkably exact; and to preſerve this favourite knowledge, they have a large univerſity at Bonarez, where the moſt refined wits are conjurers; a quality which few wits in Europe are bleſſed with. As ſoon as he obſerved us, he aroſe from his mat on the floor, ſaluted us with the *ſelam* (which is riſing both hands to the head) adding *grabēnemcos*, be it to ye according to the prayers of the poor. He was a majeſtic venerable old man; his complexion jet black, with a long ſnowy beard; his dreſs little, but adapted to the climate. We told him our errand which he received with a ſmile; and, ſpeaking diſtinctly the Engliſh language, ſaid, *about eight moons paſs'd,——in your own country,—on the top of a mountain, you had a fever.* He then pauſed; and, looking attentively on my face and right hand, added; *twenty and two moons elapſed, a virgin died that had your firſt love.* Gueſs my ſurprize! he would have proceeded; but Shakeſpear's Fairy-land coming quick to my memory, made me withdraw, to reflect on what was minutely true, both in regard to time and circumſtance. I dare ſay, you'll immediately thank my companion for this joke; but that is eaſily removed, when I aſſure you he was a ſtranger

to

to me. So if you don't admire the art of my fortuneteller, it will ſerve you to laugh at the credulity of

Your's, &c.

## LETTER IV.

To L. L. Eſq;

Madraſs, July 10, 1754.

TWO letters, from one place, are certainly more than you are entitled to; but as one was full of pagan idolatry, the other ſhall treat of ſome Chriſtianity; although amongſt the natives, there are barely veſtiges ſufficient to entitle it to the very name. About three miles from this city, over a burning ſand, is a ſmall eminence called Saint Thomas's Mount, where that apoſtle obtained leave, after performing many miracles, to erect a church, and preach the doctrine of Chriſt. Amongſt a number of things equally miraculous, this is mentioned: A large piece of timber lying acroſs the mouth of the harbour of *Meliapour*, and obſtructing the navigation of veſſels,——the apoſtle, by faſtening his girdle to it, drew it away, tho' a number of elephants had been ineffectually employed before: upon which conviction, *Sagamo*, the

the reigning king, became (with many thouſands) a convert to the Chriſtian religion. The Bramins finding Saint Thomas ſucceed in his new doctrine, and fearing he would in time extirpate them, and their religion, came to a reſolution to murder him; which they inhumanly did when at his devotions in the chapel: his body was interred in the church, and afterwards taken up by the Portugueſe, where by it was found *Sagamo*'s, and both were moved to the city of *Goa*, in the reign of *John* the third of Portugal; where an elegant church is erected to their memories, and dedicated to the diſciple.

*Meliapour* (which was then the metropolis of that part of India) hath ſcarce a ſtone left to declare where it ſtood; a few inhabitants and huts continue the name, tho' the very river is dried which occaſioned the miracle. There are many things related of this apoſtle by the Portugueſe, ſince their firſt arrival in India, which have been variouſly repeated from time to time; beſides a number of croſſes have been found, perpetual lamps, inſcriptions on braſs, &c. but the ſuperſtition of theſe catholicks, joined to the various prieſt-crafts they perform, make them as little to be depended on, as the untutored Indians. You muſt laugh with me at the perpetual lamps in Saint Thomas's

Thomas's tomb, being a very inferior piece of legerdemain to that daily practiſed in the Roman churches. The chief religion of the Muſſulmans conſiſts in their lamps, which have been known to burn for ages; but it would be more ſurpriſing to have them go out than continue, when we are acquainted people are deputed to refreſh and attend them. This is not inferior to a juggle amongſt the prieſts of the lower ſect,—who denounce them curſed if they neglect bringing victuals for the ſupport of their idols,—which idols never feed publickly, tho' ſerved with the daintieſt cates; —but the abſtinent prieſt, who, like his followers, is ſuppoſed to ſubſiſt on vegetables, regales himſelf with his wooden god, at the expence of their viands and credulity. You ſee, my dear friend, in all ſtates, potentates, and principalities,—there is more or leſs hocus-pocus in religion.

That Saint Thomas did preach in India, we have no reaſon to doubt, and that he was murdered there, ſeems very evident,—but whether really moved from *Meliapour* to *Goa*, I can't affirm; for they ſhew you the remains of his church at the former, and ſwear to his tomb at the latter: but when we find ſome thouſands of Chriſtian pilgrims, annually travelling

velling through India to *Edeſſa* in *Meſopotamia*, to pay homage to his remains, it prevents me fixing the place of his interment, which perhaps you may ſettle in your more attentive ſpeculations. I muſt own an accidental diſcovery I made by being frequently with the younger Bramins, gives me ſtrong reaſons to think the New Teſtament has been preached amongſt them, and is ſtill handed down in their devotions. Whenever they meet to ſmoak the *hubble-bubble* *, they introduce

* *Is certainly in theſe hot climates an improvement of the pipe, containing a pint of water, which makes the ſmoak come cool to the mouth: the lower part is compoſed of cocoa nut, upon which is erected a reed of half a foot in length,——on the top of which in an earthen bowl is depoſited the fire:—— they ſmoak a variety of leaves and woods, but no tobacco.——From the veſſel wherein the water is held projects a long tube——ſome made of cane, others of leather, covered with velvet, adorned with gold, many yards long, the part for the mouth being agate of great value.——The elegance of the hubble-bubble, is a great piece of Indoſtan foppery;—very often preſuming greatly on its value;——it has a pompous appearance, and is generally brought in after dinner——placed at a conſiderable diſtance from the maſter of the houſe, who has the agate pipe on the tube handed him.——We find it in many nations*

*a mark*

a kind of religious ſinging with their converſation, and often hearing the ſubſequent words repeated, I begged a tranſlation of them :

Radie Viſtnou gouvendai.
Pedebolai anundai.
O ! Radie, O !——

which is literally, "God give us this day our daily bread."——From this one would imagine they had more lights than pagan, and yet the reſt of their idolatries confound all the reaſon, patience, and common ſenſe of

Your ——

*a mark of friendſhip to ſmoak out of one pipe ;—— here it is greatly obſerved, but with more ſolemnity amongſt the American ſavages, who abſolutely* ratify a peace with a whiff of tobacco.

LET-

## LETTER V.

### To H. M. Eſq.

Madraſs, July 27, 1754.

THIS city makes a moſt elegant appearance to the ſea, nor is it ſtronger in appearance than reality; for it certainly is a moſt redoubtable fortification; the coming on ſhore is only practicable in the *muſſullers*, boats built of a thin wood, which yield when thrown on the ſhore by the force of the ſea; for here is always a large ſurf which riſes thirty feet perpendicular from the ſurface of the water, and often beats over the walls to the centre of the town: in ſuch heavy ſeas as theſe, boats of our firm heavy conſtruction would be daſhed to pieces.—It requires ſome dexterity to ſteer on theſe occaſions, of which the natives are perfectly maſters, obſerving always to keep directly before the ſea, and when they've received the laſt ſhock, or roll of the wave they leap out the boat and run her high on the beach; but ſometimes, in ſpite of all their vigilance, boats are overſet, and paſſengers drowned. Here is ſtill a more romantic method of ſailing upon *catamarans*; conſiſting of three or four logs of wood laſhed together, upon which the Indian places himſelf

ſelf with a paddle, having a cloth round his middle, and a high cap on his head, compoſed of leaves, which throws off the water; for, like ducks, they are as often under the water as above it:—in this cap he depoſits his letters,—and ſometimes meets and follows ſhips to ſea many leagues:—they always fiſh two or three miles from the ſhore, and then they ſtand upright to attend their lines, as firm as we on a more ſolid baſis—tho' I have ſeen them fall off,—but they're on again in an inſtant.

To-morrow we ſail for *Vizagapatam*, and ſhall leave behind us the higheſt oriental pomp. The reſpect offered even to a plebeian European, is ſufficient to make him renounce the ſimplicity of his native country,—but when I aſcend to the governor, 'tis beyond any regal pageantry you can conceive: a jant to his villa, is like the moving of an army.—I can't ſay he's a demi-god,—but he's certainly a demi-king amidſt his demi-devils.—One would imagine Milton catched the fire of his infernal deſcription, from an Indian governor marching to war.

All in a moment, thro' the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them roſe
A foreſt

A foreſt huge of ſpears, and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ſerried ſhields in thick array,
Of depth immeaſurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx.—

A man ought to have a ſtrong ſhare of good ſenſe, and abundance of humility, to withſtand ſuch honours, and ſuch adulation; unleſs he means to reſide here his whole life; for 'tis an intoxication the air of England greatly diſagrees with. A very merchant here appears as pompous as a prince;—and tho' the trade of England is allowed to exceed any other part of the world, yet there are merchants here, and a number too the wealthieſt in the univerſe. Their trade is not very extenſive, ſeldom penetrating farther than *Perſia*, *Turkey*, or the *Red-ſea*;—but where there are any profits, they muſt amaſs great ſums from their *æconomy* and low method of living:—they certainly make a pompous appearance of ſevants,—but then we muſt conſider thoſe ſervants don't coſt them more than 2 s. 3 d. *per* month, for they neither diet nor cloath them.——— There was a petty trader here called *Lingetty*, only valued at 250,000 l. In ſhort, you are but very little folks when compared with theſe orientals. I aſſure you we make no inconſiderate figure in an evening in the *Toddy Gardens*, where certainly pomp ſupplies the place

of

of beauty. To be ſure in the *Mall* you greatly exceed us:—but you muſt recollect you've no perpendicular ſuns:—'tis no reflection on my countrywomen here—when truth gives the preference to the native ladies,—who are of a fine bright olive, delicately formed, regularly featured, and pretty to admiration. In theſe gardens we drink a cool liquor called *Toddy*, which diſtills from the Palm-tree:—— the Indians making inciſions in the wood, and hang little pots to receive the vegetable juice: the trees are from 50 to 70 feet high, without knot or branch, and yet the natives climb them with great agility, by the aſſiſtance of a hoop and ſpikes to their feet. The cocoa, which is a ſpecies of the palm, is ſuperior in utility to any tree of the creation,—particularly in the *Maldives* * iſlands, where they build, rig, and fit out ſhips from this tree, and when ready to ſail, load them with its product,—as wine, arrack, (which is a ſpirit by diſtillation from the toddy) vinegar, black ſugar, (from evaporation of the toddy) fruit and ſhells. Theſe will appear moſt extraordinary productions for one tree, and yet when minutely and philoſophically conſidered, not more wonderful than many other parts of the creation; as the growth of hemp, the growth

* *A chain of iſles S. E. of Malabar.*

of

of cotton, and a worm weaving ſilken robes for the fopperies of mankind. The bark of this tree maketh ſails, cordage, and cables, a kind of cables ſuperior to thoſe we have; being of an elaſtick nature, they endure the force of the tempeſt better, and improve from being in the water: the body of the tree affords timber, and their very anchors are made of wood loaded with ſtones. All over India their huts are conſtructed of this tree, and thatched with the leaves; the milk of the nut they drink; they eat the kernel, and the ſhells are uſed for various domeſtick purpoſes. To travel and not communicate one's obſervations is ungenerous; and often when they are read by thoſe, who have not been out of the ſmoak of their own chimnies, they are looked on as hyperbolical and romantic. Tho' you have not voyaged, Sir, you have read, and, perhaps, amongſt all your reading, have not met a *Mandeville* equal to——

Your nephew, &c.

## LETTER VI.

To H. M. Eſq;

Vizagapatam, Auguſt 2, 1754.

THIS is the moſt ſocial ſpot I have ſeen on this continent.——The whole factory live in ſuch harmony together, they may be properly ſtiled one family, of which Mr. Pigot is the father and governor. A ſcene of ſuch hoſpitality to a traveller is uncommon, but when met with, very engaging. Their houſes are ſmall, and ſituated in the midſt of Gardens, and ſerve at once for temples and habitations,——but calculated for coolneſs, and ſurrounded with the talleſt palm trees.—In ſuch a corner of the earth, where a new European face is ſeen but annually, what a pleaſure it is to find a gentleman endowed with power and abilities, ſtudious to pleaſe, and agreeable to thoſe fortune has raiſed him to govern. The love and friendſhip which reign in this ſmall ſociety, look ſo much like the golden age,---that I dread the very thoughts of a departure.

Aurea prima ſata eſt æſtas, quæ, vindice nullo,
Sponte ſuâ ſine lege fidem rectumque colebat.
Montibus in liquidas pinus deſcenderat undas:
Nullaque

Nullaque mortales, præter ſua littora, nôrant.
——————————— ſine militis uſu
Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia * gentes.
Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos ſine ſemine flores.
Flumina jam lactis, jam flumida nectaris ibant,
Flavaque de viridi ſtillabant ilice mella.

That was a golden age which man firſt ſaw,
Reaſon his guide, and nature all his law:
Trees kept their mountains, nor did man explore
Riches in ſhips, *on India's burning Shore*.
No hoſtile *Nabob*'s arms diſturb'd his peace,
Time ſlid away in virtue, love, and eaſe.
Flowers bloom'd eternal, nor from ſeeds they grew,
Spring was immortal,—Zephyrs gently blew.
With milk, and nectar, ev'ry ſtream was fill'd,
And *wine*, *arrack*, and honey *palms* diſtill'd.

The country about Vizagapatam is very mountainous, and the valleys rich and ſhady: ——thro' theſe mountains runs a ſmall river, and on the banks and ſides of the hills a number of little villas and grottos are delightfully ſituated.

This is the firſt place I ever received any advantage from having a public education—meeting with Mr. M. B. a ſchool-fellow and countryman.

* Mentes.

countryman.—It is impoſſible to ſay the mutual pleaſure it occaſions;---how happy he is to confer civilities,---how pleaſed I am to receive them, eſpecially from a man I long lived with, and with whoſe connexions I am well acquainted. There are many things to be ſaid for and againſt a public education;——it gives a youth who is to puſh his way through the world, an idea of it in miniature:---a large ſchool may be compared to a ſmall republic,---for there you have chiefs, patricians and plebeians,---wits and dunces;---military, mechanical, mercantile, aſtronomical, poetic, and every other genius in its infancy,---and very often ſuch friendſhips are contracted as to even rival NISUS and EURYALUS;---and that ſcholaſtick friendſhip is of ſo permanent a nature, that it alone is a ſufficient inducement for a father who has enjoyed it, to ſend his ſon to partake of the ſame happineſs.---We are entertained at the governor's table with a moſt peculiar repaſt, or rather *deſert*---as 'tis never ſerved till the cloth's removed;---but yet 'tis no fruit---but perfectly a vegetative or animal treat.---In ſhort, 'tis one of SWIFT's Lilliputians,---a man, the moſt corroborating proof of the Dean's travels,---tho' his elegant voyages are treated as mere matter of romance---when they are certainly no more ſo than *Robinſon Cruſoe*. The world perhaps, one day or other

ther, may pretend to ſay ſo of mine,---becauſe I ſhall begin like *Daniel de Foe*. "I E. T. was born of reputable parents in "the town of Kingſton upon Hull, from "from whence I ſail'd in the *Love and Unity* "(whom God preſerve) anno 1750, on a "voyage to Greenland."---I ſhall almoſt find it as great a difficulty to get credit, as theſe much greater authors,---eſpecially when I tell you, our deſert at the governor's was the perſon and converſation of an Indian dwarf, three feet high, and a prieſt of the Mooriſh church;—his face is a perfect jet—contraſted, with a long ſilver beard,—and every member proportioned with the juſteſt ſymmetry;—the tone of his voice is ſonorous and manly,—and his converſation ſenſible; he is married to a lady greatly out of proportion to himſelf,—who has bore him two children (not of the Lilliput race) whom I one day ſaw him ſeverely chide in the public ſtreet with his cane;—a kind of a domeſtic doctrine propagated here. This Mahometan pygmy every day after dinner—is placed by the ſervant on the table—where he walks round, and diſcourſes warmly with the gueſts in Engliſh. Such an orator with you would draw a great congregation, and make more come to church than were religious. I wiſh I could remit him by letter

---he

---he would raiſe as great a concourſe as the quart bottle did,---with more probability of getting into it: but he is an eccleſiaſtick of diſtinction---and from his *petitneſs*---enjoys a good living,---tho' three and four thouſand pounds have been offered, by many Eaſt-India captains, to bring him to England, and return him in four years, but without ſucceſs. I muſt own I often wiſh I could trapan his holineſs, tho' it would wear the air of ſacrilege in a pagan country.

I am, &c.

# LETTER VII.

## To L. L.

Vizagapatam, Auguſt 3. 1754.

IT is almoſt endleſs to continue the theme of paganiſm, for every acre of ground contains people of different tenets.----Here I'm preſented with the ſuperſtition of the *Muſſulman*----and have viſited their grand moſque: wherein are a number of lamps, which have burnt for many years. The building is a mean piece of marble architecture, adorned with dull hieroglyphicks; and the only ornament within is a neat ſilk bed, whereon they would perſuade me the body of Mahomet's brother was repoſed---which I attempted to look at, but they were prepared to prevent me. This moſque is illuminated every day of worſhip, and the ſleeping prophet ſerved with the daintieſt cates,---for no man's prayers are accepted without an offering. They have neither altars nor images, but when they pray, they turn themſelves toward *Mecca*, where ('tis ſaid) *Mahomet* was born, and where his temple *Kiaabe* ſtands, but his tomb is at *Medina*, about ten miles from *Mecca*, where an annual pilgrimage is made. But of all idolatries, (unleſs the Egyptian) nothing

can

can be more ſhocking and ridiculous, than the adoration of MONKIES here; which from being made ſacred, are innumerable. In a large, pleaſant, ſhady valley, about five miles from *Vizagapatam*, is the neateſt, beſt building in India, called *Annemunto* temple, in which a golden monkey is worſhipped by this idolatrous part of mankind, as a repreſentative of the whole community,---which inhabit the trees of the valley, and are fed with rice at the expence of their worſhippers.——It is very diverting to ride thro' this vale, amongſt theſe little ſylvan gods---which may be ſtiled the Satyrs of the woods:---they muſt certainly be what the ancients adored under the name of *Satyri*, *Panes*, *Fauni*, *Sylvarum Dii*,---"Gods of the Woods."---They ſeem ſo ſenſible of their reſpect and ſecurity, as to approach you, and accompany you as you move from tree to tree, with a thouſand anticks peculiar to their race. I cannot imagine what can have procured them ſo much reſpect with theſe people, unleſs its their reſemblance of little men, and their belief in the doctrine of *Pythagoras*;---for abſolutely their appearance is more human than animal, being a ſtrong likeneſs of the natives in every thing but ſize,---which is very ſmall; their faces are black, and their beards long and white. We are not to be aſtoniſhed at ſuch

idolatry, when we read the wiſeſt and braveſt people have been guilty of worſe abſurdities in kneeling to ſtocks and ſtones.

We have here a defeated *Nabob* with all the regalia of war, and ſo very military is his appearance, that women, elephants, and camels, compoſe his camp: his ladies are ſo numerous, that their huts alone form a little town, being 300, and in ſeparate apartments, ---and as difficult to be come at, as the moſt hidden jewels in the mines of *Golconda*. Such is the vanity of the oriental ladies, preferring the 300dth part of a prince, and eternal ſolitude and retirement, to liberty and one man. This kind of love would ill agree with the Engliſh ladies: to be carried to Bath and Scarborough in a hutch, and there deprived of the pleaſure of ſeeing and being ſeen.-----I entertain myſelf here in an evening in a ſumptuous manner, riding between two of the Nabob's ſons on a ſhe elephant;———the back being broad, requires no ſaddle,---a red cloth trim'd with gold being thrown over for ornament: the gait is long and fatiguing, but not being above ten feet high, is a hobby in compariſon of ſome here. The ſagacity of the elephant is ſo well known, that no action of the animal can ſurpiſe you after attending and reading the facts related by the celebrated *Pliny*:---

" he

" he tells us an elephant, duller than uſual,
" was found by his maſter practiſing the leſ-
" ſons taught him in the day,---and that he
" ſaw one which had learnt the Greek alpha-
" bet, and could put a ſentence together with
" his trunk." For my own part, I have been ſo much amongſt them, and have ſeen ſo many of their actions, that I can credit any thing I hear of 'em.---Cloſe to the window of my lodging, is tethered eleven, where they are fed with long graſs and boughs of trees; but, upon my riſing this morning, I was preſented at once with the moſt unparalelled ſcene of revenge and knowledge, that ever came from a brute.---This hobby of *Brobdignag* was the moderate ſize of 15 feet 4 inches---I won't enter into a minute deſcription of ſo common an animal, only contradict the error of their ſleeping againſt a tree, and having no joints,---by aſſuring you they riſe and fall with more agility than any beaſt of the creation. Their capacity is certainly beyond *half reaſoning*; they are abſolutely lawyers when compared with many of our acquaintance,---and the following little hiſtory will ſo biaſs you in their favour, that, could I believe in tranſmigration, I ſhould perſuade myſelf you would reanimate the body of the *reaſoning elephant*.---The keeper broke him a cocoa-nut, and gave him the ſhell only, which

the beaſt took with that apparent good nature, he had done with the kernel in. When he came to feed him the following morning, he ſeized him with his trunk, threw him in the air, then mangled the body with his foot,--- placing the ſhell on the corpſe, (which he had retained in his mouth) as a reaſon for the juſtneſs of the murder. I expect credit with you for this, *Pliny* might have got it with the world; but, however romantick and aſtoniſhing this action may appear, yet it falls as infinitely ſhort of their ſagacity, and docility, as your humble ſervant does of

Yours, &c.

*Poſtcript.*

How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant with thine!
*Pope credits Pliny, but who'll credit mine?*

LET-

## LETTER VIII.

### To G. T. Eſq.

Vizagapatam, Auguſt 4, 1754.

I AM now in the midſt of a *Nabob*'s ſeraglio,---where three hundred choſen beauties are devoted for his pleaſure:---but, alas! tho' in the midſt of theſe lovely creatures, whoſe ages are from nine to ſeventeen, I can't ſee one:----a centinel protects every door, and to force one would be cruel, when the other day he was defeated, and ſtripped of every neceſſary but theſe---the moſt cordial in life. And yet, when I reflect on their forlorn ſituation,---I'm almoſt mad enough to commence *Quixote*---and I certainly ſhould, if I had a *Sancho* to accompany me, but fighting of windmills *ſolus*, affords no pleaſing remarks,---for the higheſt entertainment is fighting the battle over again, as your Yorkſhire jockeys kill the fox;---but indeed theſe young beauties deſerve our warmeſt pity, when we recollect this amorous *Nabob* is at *Delly*,---the ſeat of the Great Mogul:---think what ſighs and tears are ſhed and blown for him, ---whilſt I, as loving as he, am a vagrant in an unknown land:---their huts are only

compoſed of clay, and thatched; ſo, wherever he pitches his camp, theſe are erected for their privacy and convenience.---I'm told there's a great jealouſy ſubſiſts amongſt them, and that he's as ſtudious to prevent it.---I've been preſented with a little ode from one of his ladies on her rival,---but the language is ſo difficult,---and I'm ſo little acquainted with it,---I fear I ſhan't do it that juſtice ſo great a curioſity merits,---but you ſhall have the ſenſe of it.——

ZINZEMERZA *to* CALIL ULLAH.

ZINZEMERZA can't be gay,
Whilſt her great Nabob's away:
*Zinzemerza* don't forget
Her teeth of iv'ry, face of jet;
Her ſilken robes,---her ſhining hair,
The jewel which her noſe doth bear.
O may the elephant you ride!
Conduct you ſafe o'er deſerts wide:
May all the *Pagods* of our land
Attend you o'er the burning ſand:
And *Calil Ullah*,---may no face
Appear with *Zinzemerza*'s grace!
O ſend your paſſions may withſtand
The beauties of that diſtant land!
Kind *Calil*, gen'rous as the palm,
Gentle as ſummer ſeas, and calm;

Brave

Brave as the Lynx---great, glorious man,
The ſweeteſt prince of *Indoſtan*.
O *Calil Ullah*, pray be true,
Hear me---I ſwear---by great *Viſtnou* *
When you die---I burn with you.
Deck'd in my moſt coſtly pride,
Will I mount the funeral pile :
*Bramins* ſhall weep to ſee me ſmile,
And tell the world how *Zinzemerza* died.

You'll find this burning paſſion peculiar to the ladies of this country, who poſſeſs the greateſt firmneſs on ſuch occaſions;---a firmneſs not to be paralelled amongſt the Roman dames,---tho' we mention *Aria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia*.---But here I muſt have committed a great offence to one ſo devoted to the Roman hiſtory,---as to admire the martial ſpirit of *Publius*,---tho' he murdered his ſiſter in the midſt of his triumph;---but *Rome* could forgive her heroes any murders,---tho' at the expence of wiſdom and humanity.——

In theſe charcoal beauties we find great temperance, conſtancy, and obedience; you hardly hear of adultery :---the women of irregular pleaſures being ſo by birth, and known by the name of *Dancing girls*,---who are hired upon all feſtivities, and in their geſticulati-

 ons

* *Viſtnou*, a Pagod worſhipped by the *Indians*.

ons are guilty of ſome indecencies; they are diſtinguiſhed in their apparel like the *Athenians*, and by that are known to all the world as *Filles de joie*. The diet of the ladies is entirely vegetables;---they dreſs their huſband's victuals, and wait on him and the children; and, after aſking leave, dine alone on the reſidue. They are married by their parents at two years old, but don't cohabit till nine, and here it is common to ſee them with child at ten.---There are ſome injunctions laid on the women, which would appear cruel in a land of liberty and eaſe like England:---the huſband may have as many wives as he pleaſes, and his circumſtances will maintain, ---and ſhould one *dear creature* repine, or cenſure his incontinence, he can divorce her by allowing her a neceſſary ſupport;---or ſhould ſhe commit an error,---he can reduce her to a ſlave in his own houſe.---This ſubmiſſion to the will and caprice of a huſband, appears terrible, and yet they are chains which ſit eaſy in the climes they are wore.

The ſtature of the women is low, their complexions olive, their hair jet black and long, their features ſmall and regular, and their forms genteel; and ſo general, that in all the parts of India I have paſſed through, ---I never met a deformed woman, which I attribute

attribute to the method of rearing their children.---They never ſwathe them, nor dreſs them with any other thing but trinkets round their necks, ankles, and wriſts;---they uſe no ſtrings to ſupport 'em, but let 'em roll about till they find their feet, by which they walk ſome months ſooner than the children in *Europe*.----The dreſs of their ladies is light, and adapted to the climate, being ſilk or muſlin thrown negligently over the breaſts, and pinned round the waſte like a petticoat; their fopperies conſiſting in rings and diamonds, the principle one as big as the cryſtal of a watch, is ſet with one large jewel, or a number of ſmall ones, and placed in the lower part of the right noſtril:---this naſal mode will appear ridiculous to you,---but I give you my word, it adds an air of dignity to the face,---and ſhould the ladies of *England* follow the faſhion, I dare ſay their noſes on a birth-day would purchaſe the reſt of their dreſs.---You certainly have a right to laugh at a cuſtom ſo *outrè* and *Indian*, as your hogs are the only animals in this mode. But the moſt ſhocking hardſhip is burning with the ſtinking body of a dead huſband, or quitting their families and becoming proſtitutes; an horrid alternative to a virtuous mind.—— This was firſt introduced by the *Bramins* as a law,---and at length became a religious act,

---and

---and a prudent one for the men,---when one woman would have ten huſbands; for as they diſobliged her, ſhe removed them by poiſon; ſince which, few have been deſtroyed, as it falls ſo heavy on the deſtroyer.---In another letter you ſhall have the deſcription of a funeral pile, having ſufficiently awakened your underſtanding to doubt the cuſtoms of a country ſo removed.

I am, &c.

LET-

## LETTER IX.

To H. M. Eſq.

Bengal, Auguſt 21. 1754.

IT is impoſſible for me to deſcribe, or you to conceive, with what reluctance I left *Vizagapatam*, (the *Enna* of *India*) tho' the laſt day had nearly been my *laſt*. You well remember what a jockey I always was at the *Hull* hunt, when the chaſe of an hare brought me as many times on the ground, as I rid miles,---but being born with a preſumptive adventurous ſpirit,---I attended the gentlemen of the factory in purſuit of a lynx;---but thro' indolence, inattention, or bad riding, I was ſeparated from my companions, when the beaſt ruſhed from the thicket---ſtood cloſe to my horſe,—and viewed us alternately with longing lips;—but don't imagine we remained twelve hours in this *delightful* attitude,---or twelve minutes,----but long enough to create an additional heat, to that of the climate.———You'll be *diſappointed* when I tell you, my friends relieved me by the death of the monſter,---becauſe the cataſtrophe would have been greatly heightened,---by his tearing me to pieces,---*and writing*

*ing the account afterwards.* I never ſaw in any place ſo complete a menage as at *Vizagapatam*, wherein no animal is omitted but the lion, which is not a beaſt of this climate. ——The beaſt of labour is the buffalo, and the cows the largeſt I have ſeen, which, in many parts of India, particularly *Bombay*, draw all the coaches. I have now the pleaſure of contradicting a romantick poetical notion, of the cameleon's ſubſiſtance being only upon air. This creature has a long forked tongue, which it throws out with incredible ſwiftneſs, and ſeldom miſſes its prey, which is flies,---and all other winged inſects. I'm afraid this abrupt contradiction of a thing ſo univerſally received, will meet with few believers, eſpecially amongſt the MUSES,—— nay, they cannot receive it,---being a means of deſtroying a great ſimile, and the only one nature affords :---the toad's feeding on vapour is very inferior to the other,---eſpecially when a poet means to deſcribe the life of a man, who, to all appearances lives upon nothing, ---which gives him room to ſay,

" While I, condemn'd to thinneſt fare,
" Like thoſe I flatter'd, feed on air."

Had it not been from a falſe, or rather no knowledge at all of this animal, the world would have loſt an excellent fable of the ſpaniel

niel and cameleon, written by the celebrated Mr. Gay: therefore, ſince it is probable the poets may be hurt by this truth, I beg it may go no farther than your own breaſt, as it will be hurting the trade of a moſt learned body, who are too poor to be afflicted with the ſmalleſt loſs, or the leaſt additional misfortune.——But the cameleon aſſumes different colours, according to the different rays of light, which are thrown upon it---and very often the hue of herbage it crawls on; ---a bright ſimile for a courtier.---Our paſſage croſs the Bay was ten days, which gives riſe to the term *Coaſt* and *Bay*,---from the ſhips that viſit *Coromandel* and *Bengal*,—— which is the moſt eaſtern province of the Mogul's dominions, and ſuperior in fertility to *Egypt* itſelf.——

—— " For nature here
" Wanton'd, as in her prime, and plaid at
" will
" Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more
" ſweet,
" Wild above rule or art!—"

The *Ganges* which is as large as any river in the world, riſes in the mountains in *Tartary*, and runs S. E. dividing itſelf into ſeveral branches, which empty themſelves into the *Bay of Bengal*, and overflow the kingdom like

like the *Nile*. From theſe floods *Bengal* is thought unwholeſome,---but I rather think the intemperance of Europeans is to be cenſured more than the climate, for drinking is here a reigning vice, and too often practiſed in a morning. The exceſſive heats, terrible fogs, and the ſhifting of the periodical winds, are very diſagreeable circumſtances; for the monſoons are attended with ſuch violent ſtorms of thunder, lightning, winds, and rain, that you would rather imagine it the diſſolution of nature, than any thing elſe. Every new and full moon we are alarmed here by a *boar*, of which you have ſome ſmall idea in the rivers falling into the *Briſtol* channel:---'tis occaſioned by the rains coming down the ſmaller branches of this great river---and oppoſing the regular lunar flood from the ſea; the oppoſition of two ſuch bodies of water, occaſion one to flow above thirty feet above the other;---its appearance is awful, and the conſequences often fatal to men and ſhipping. The eternal verdure which reigns here is delightful,--- but it is difficult to determine whether the woods or floods are more ſavage, one ſwarming with crocodiles, the other with tygers——I hope, as we advance, to find a more civilized kingdom,

but

but a people not quite ſo valiant as thoſe who oppoſed *Alexander*, nor yet ſeven feet high like the brave king PORUS *.

I am, &c.

* Defeated by Alexander —— to perpetuate which victory,—two cities were built, *Peritas* and *Bucephala*,—one in honour of his dog, the other of his horſe.

LET-

## LETTER X.

### To Miſs Ez. T.

Calcutta, Auguſt 30, 1754.

NOtwithſtanding I have gone thro' various difficulties, yet I cannot help admiring the traveller's life above the citizen's, ---who is ſeldom more eccentric than the ſmoak of his own chimney,---and, on going to dinner at *Hampſtead*, will raiſe the whole family at four in the morning to equip him for the journey. The French in general are more confined and opinionated, than the Londoners,——they conceit themſelves the citizens of the world; that their language is the language of the earth;—— by knowing one another, they know all mankind;---and, in ſeeing *France*, they ſee the univerſe. Your thirſt of knowledge, I know is ſo great, that you even envy me this oriental excurſion, but I promiſe, as a ſmall compenſation for your loſs, to amuſe you with my remarks; I ſhall not improve you, ---but I ſhall add to your happineſs by proving to you, how much you are above theſe heathens. I have juſt ſailed up one of the largeſt rivers in the world,---which is ſo full, ---you would imagine one puff of wind would deluge

deluge the whole country. Nature wears here her very gayeſt livery, nor is it annually changed, but, like a good ſervant, ever fair and flouriſhing. The country is champaign, and diverſified with meadows, groves, and corns: their towns and cities, on the banks are very populous, but their houſes mean clay huts, thatched with ſtraw. *Calcutta*, where the Engliſh have eſtabliſhed their principal factory, is an elegant city, the houſes are lofty and airy, and the governor's palace magnificent. The Engliſh ladies live in the greateſt pomp, and receive a peculiar reſpect from being white,---tho', in point of beauty and ſymmetry of features, inferior to the natives. How much happier you muſt be, when you recollect the ſervile ſubordinacy of the wives to their huſbands; waiting at table on him and his children, and dining on what they leave;---ſuch meals would ill digeſt with many of our acquaintance; but cuſtom happily reconciles every thing.---Here is one excellent eſtabliſhed manner of the eldeſt ſon's maintaining the reſt of the family;---if it could be tranſlated to England, it would be a great comfort to us younger brothers, who are not able to maintain ourſelves;---beſides it would wear off that heavy, dull, illiterate capacity, ſo peculiar to the firſt-born male.---The girls depend on marriage, of which there's

there's little danger of miſſing, when the contracts are made in infancy, and conſummated at nine years old;---'tis a fine method to prevent old maids perplexing a community with their venom'd goſſipping: for lying and antiquated virginity are inſeparable. The reſpect the women pay to their dead huſbands,---will ſtagger the belief of every married lady, when they're told, they burn themſelves with their bodies; but of late years it is much aboliſhed, and utterly forbid within the juriſdiction of the Engliſh factory. The introduction of ſo cruel a cuſtom, was at firſt political, and at length made, by prieſt-craft, religious,---and really happily introduced for the ſafety of the poor men, who as faſt as they diſobliged their wives, or the wives grew weary of them, they put them out of the way by a little quick poiſon; but ſince burning or ignominy is the alternative, the ladies are as aſſiduous to preſerve the lives of their dons, as they were diligent to deſtroy 'em. Two days ago I was preſent at one of theſe cruel ſcenes, when the ſweeteſt widow of twenty was ſacrificed to the manes of an old huſband. The proceſſion was trifling, and tho' all appeared in ſmiles, yet a ſolemnity reigned through the whole, as if the feſtivity was affected. In the front of this living funeral advanced her three daughters, (pretty creatures, from five

to

to nine years old) next her only ſon,---then a band of harſh muſic,---and laſtly, the widow followed by all her friends and kindred. She was dreſſed in her gayeſt apparel, and adorned with jewels, gold and ſilver trinkets, &c. The funeral pile conſiſted of aromatick woods, dipped in gums; it was five feet high, and on the top was extended the dead body of her huſband. As ſoon as ſhe arrived, ſhe ſurveyed it with a pleaſing careleſſneſs, and repeating ſome words, walked ſtately three times round; then took a moſt affectionate leave of all her friends, and laſtly, her babes, who parted with ſmiles; but I own, I thought the boy would have ſhook her conſtancy, dwelling ſome time about his neck,---which the prieſt perceiving, interrupted her,---receiving profits from ſuch horrid cataſtrophes. She then ſtripped herſelf of all her ornaments, giving ſomething to all, and with the moſt unſhaken courage mounted the pile; taking the head of the dead body in her lap, and a jar of oil in her hand,---which as ſoon as the fire was kindled, ſhe poured over her head, and without a ſigh, tear, or emotion, expired in an inſtant,---whilſt the crowd filled the air with acclamations of joy.---

" Accipe

" Accipe me *Capaneu:* cineres miſcribimur,
" inquit
" Iphias: in medios deſiluitque rogos.
OVID.

Receive me *Capaneus*, *Evadne* * cry'd,
Our aſhes death himſelf ſhall not divide:
I come to join thee with a nuptial ſmile,
She ſaid, and leap'd amidſt the blazing pile.

But from the account given us by *Propertius*, the Indian excels the Grecian: for it was raving madneſs in *Evadne*, for the death of her huſband *Capaneus*, which made her guilty of ſuch raſhneſs: but how cuſtom and paganiſm can bring a young creature, in the bloom of life to deſtroy herſelf, ſtaggers all reaſon and philoſophy;---the dread of ignominy and penury, muſt operate ſtrongly on the human mind,---and may prevail before the damnation pronounced by the *Bramin.* to be reduced to the condition of a ſlave in the houſe we have been miſtreſs of,---and to be expoſed to ſhame, poverty and proſtitution; to renounce children, friends, and family, are arguments of ſo powerful a nature,---as to make the virtuous embrace a death

* *Evadne*, daughter of Iphis, or Hyphias, by Mars———called Iphias by Ovid.

death of this ſort, before a life of infamy and wretchedneſs. I muſt own I felt an uncommon emotion upon this occaſion, when I conſidered the wiſdom and courage of man were meant by the Deity to protect and defend the beauty and virtue of woman, and not ſo inhumanly to deſtroy a life given by the hand of God, who has the only right to diſpoſe of it.

I am, &c.

LET-

## LETTER XI.

### To L. L. Eſq.

Calcutta, September 5, 1754.

I HAVE now ſailed ſome hundred miles upon ſacred water, and the further I advance, the more I find ſuperſtition and idolatry encreaſe. The ſalutary waters of BATH and PYRMONT, are not to be mentioned with theſe, in point of dearneſs and veneration: they are bottled and carried to every part of India,—and are the moſt valuable liquor at their entertainments. The reſpect to theſe waters ariſes from an opinion, that their idol *Jaganat* was taken from a beautiful flower which floated on the *Ganges*, by the ſovereign god *Viſtnou*; and that he inveſted him with the power of governing the world. This ſeems to be the ſenſe of the *Vedam*, and correſponds with Mr. *Ramſay's Cyrus*, tho' the *Bramins* ſhow the narrowneſs of their knowledge, in looking on a large body of waters, (as the *Ganges* are) as the great abyſs before the creation of the world. " Que les *Bramins* reconnoiſſent un ſeul, & ſouverain dieu qu'ils appellent *Viſtnou*; que ſa premiere, & plus ancienne production futun dieu ſecondaire nommè *Brama*; que le ſouverain dieu

le

" le tira d'unfleur qui flotoit ſur la ſurface de
" l'abime avant le création de ce monde : &
" enfin que *Viſtnou* donna à *Brama*, à cauſe
" de ſa fidelitè, le pouvoir de creer l'univers."
In the different parts of *Indoſtan*, this idol *Brama* is addreſſed by the name of *Jaganat*, *Ramram*, *Bruin*, &c. whom they worſhip as *Viſtnou*'s vice-gerent.—I was preſent at one of their feſtivals in the month of September, which continued four days, from the 23d to the 27th. Their aſſemblies are held in temples, built (in a humble manner) like the Roman amphitheatres, and greatly crowded on ſuch occaſions. Here they ſing, dance, and play on the moſt diſſonant inſtruments, to amuſe the idol ; which of all inventions is the moſt monſtruous,—more horrid than that worſhipped in *Gaza* by the *Philiſtines*.———

" *Dagon* his name ; ſea monſter ! upwards
" man
" And downwards fiſh."———

Some of their pagods are repreſented riding on a cow, (which animal they call the mother of nature) women with the trunk of an elephant inſtead of an noſe, and ſome with five heads, and ten hands. There is an emulation amongſt the different tribes of the *Jentoes*, who can excel in expences to their idols ;

and to ſee their taſtes, you would imagine they were emulous to be monſtrous. — Figures with tongues to their knees, the head of a hog to the body of a man,—a woman's face with a fiſh's tail, carved upon wood, with red and yellow hands and faces. One would imagine they had read HORACE,—— and ſeriouſly where he laughed,

Would you not *(Piſo)* at that painter rail,
Who drew a WOMAN with a fiſh's tail?

For they have certainly put together, and collected every ridiculous image he mentioned in his art of poetry. Theſe horrid idols are placed on an eminence in the upper parts of the temple, which they approach with the moſt profound reverence; where a woman ſits ſurrounded with a number of hot diſhes, which ſhe alternately dabs in the faces of the figures, while the high prieſt of the *Bramins* is wafting a feathered fan to keep 'em cool. The ſcene is varied the following day, by ornamenting the walls of the pagodes, with the figures of birds, fiſh, and fruit cut in paper, with dancing-girls, Merry Andrews, &c. to divert the ſpectators. The third is paſt on the *Ganges*, where their *Buggeraus* or boats, make a moſt elegant appearance, being rowed by 40 or 50 oars.—In theſe barges their idols are carried,—and upon their decks they perform

form a kind of comedy,—a clown being the principal character,—who jumps, roars, and makes faces for four hours to divert his pagod,——and give him a good opinion of man's civility on earth,——hoping he'll recommend his tribe to the ſovereign god. This kind of *Lord Mayor*'s Shew, is concluded by throwing the idols into the river, and with them a number of jars of potted meat, ſealed down, to ſupply them on their journey to a diſtant world:—but what is ſtill more ſhocking,—theſe poor, deluded, ignorant wretches, will plunge in and drown with them, in hopes of a more exalted ſtate, and a quicker tranſmigration. Such is the blind zeal of theſe pagans, and ſuch the roguery of prieſts; to perſuade their followers there's life in ſtocks, and images are mediators between them and a deity.——I ſhall leave you to animadvert on the weakneſs and folly of man,—and enlarge on the prejudice of education and bad example: for like wax, we receive any impreſſion, and when made in our youth, too often continues to our death: which ſhows how neceſſary good inſtructions are, and I believe the beſt general leſſon is a fair example,———for where one acts from himſelf, there's ten from copy; but when the imitation reſts in defects,—it muſt prove a defective body. *Los Ninos de pequénos, que no áy caſtìgo déſpues pára éllos.* Your's, &c.

## LETTER XII.

To Miſs ——

Calcutta, November 26, 1754.

INdolence, in this part of the world, appears to be a greater fatigue than real labour with you: it abſolutely requires invention, how to paſs away the time; for the natives are ſo very active in tranſacting the different branches of buſineſs, that we have nothing to do, and little more to ſay, than yes, —and no. In an evening, by way of air and amuſement, we ſwing to the *Bread and cheeſe* * *Bungula* in our palanquins,——where, in all the pomp of the eaſt, we ſay, "How do "you do?" and come back again. As for my part, I have loſt the uſe of my legs,—— being deemed vulgar to walk, and you know my ſpirit's ſo great, that I had rather loſe my legs than my manners. The entertainments are given here with grandeur and ceremony; and the married ladies in general addreſſed by the name of *Bibbi*, (i. e.) wife; and tho' their complexions are a perfect bright ſhining walnut, yet we men call them all thoſe fair names due to

* In the year 1754, the confines of the India Company's factory.

to the faireſt. I've often wiſhed you here; you would be the *Juliet* of the eaſt,—but I would not wiſh *Juliet* the Sun,——for two ſuns would conſume us.——As for muſick, we have none: but in an evening, after the dropping of the ſun,---there is the moſt diſmal croakings and hiſſings of reptiles, from the hooded ſerpent to the toad,—and the ſolemn ear of night is generally offended by an hideous chorus of jackals, which come in herds from the woods for prey. And though the pagans have not one ray of ſcripture, yet they retain in perfection a ſounding braſs, and a tinkling ſymbol.——We have fellows too which tumble before our doors,---and ſhow an activity not unworthy *Sadler's Wells*. Upon a long pole they carry a number of ſmall baſkets, in which are a great variety of ſerpents, and from tuition, (the ſerpent, we are told, being an apt ſcholar) they riſe to the tinkling of a braſs kettle; dart out their forked tongues, hiſs, and drop into their baſkets again. You'll be much ſurpriſed when I tell you we have a hunt here,——but every man that engages in it, ought to be a perfect *Nimrod*, with the fortune of a *Daniel*. Being a Yorkſhireman, inſtinct prompted me to attend one morning, tho' I had a right to plead excuſe on the part of a ſailor.——Out we ſallied, very formidable Quixots,---armed with

ſword, lance, and piſtol. I could not conceive the uſe of ſuch armour,——when the mighty object was only a wild buffalo, till I was told " They were ſometimes ſurpriſed by a tiger :" a ſufficient incident to make reaſon decline ſo hazardous a chaſe: but juvenile modeſty could not deny an expedition, where abſolutely life and character were riſked,---a modeſty, which too often precipitates youth beyond redemption. Imprudent things of this kind happen to all young men, and when they are even repugnant to their feelings and knowledge, they have not courage to give a ſenſible denial, for fear of incurring the ridicule of their companions.---Well, in the hunting ſtrain we came to the cover, found, run, and killed ;---but you, and all females would have laughed, to ſee the lances of ſo many heroes in an animal, as inoffenſive as a cow. Fluſhed with this ſylvan glory, we ranged for another, when to my unſpeakable aſtoniſhment, a tiger ſprung over the head of one of the hunt, and without turning, went on. My brother bucks echoed, *Tally, O!* pleaſed to their ſouls to ſee the beaſt go off, and find their friend well, who was ſometime before he could utter an ejaculation for ſo happy an eſcape. It is the nature of the tiger, whenever he ſprings and miſſes his prey, to go on,---and a very happy

py brutal baſhfulneſs it is. This was a fine anecdote for an evening's laugh, but I give you my honour, I'll never bear arms in ſuch ſervice again. The heads of our family are thin, and if he had ſcratched me with a talon, I had not lived to ſay how much I wiſh to ſee you, and call you *Bibbie*, which, may it be ſoon, is as much my requeſt, as your deſert.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XIII.

To H. M. Eſq.

Calcutta, December 19, 1754.

I AM certainly entitled to the name of JONAS, when I relate you ſo many eſcapes, ---and yet the following one at *Chandanagore*, * is more ſerious than the reſt. I was deputed by captain Ward to go in ſearch of run ſeamen, being a tolerable ſpeaker of the French language. I dined at an ordinary with a number of choice ſpirits in the French navy, many of them taken the laſt war in the *May* fleet, under *Anſon* and *Warren*. ——— Being young, gay, giddy, and fluſhed with claret, —I talked at random,---which, joined to a darkneſs of expreſſion for want of a perfect knowledge of the language, raiſed ſome ſuſpicions I was a ſpy, and before the cloth was well removed from the table, I was removed to the *Blackhole*. This ſituation was rather diſmal; I gueſſed their ſuſpicions, which made my thoughts as gloomy as my place of confinement,---neither knowing or being known to any perſon,---and what heightened my

* The principal ſettlement belonging to the *French* in the kingdom of *Bengal*.

my melancholy, I knew my fate would be hanging without queſtion or ceremony.---In the midſt of theſe diſmal meditations, I was ordered before the governor, a piece of good fortune I had quite deſpaired of,---for truth, youth, and innocence, were the only friends I had to depend on. The governor receiving me with a ſmile, aſked me, "How could you be ſo imprudent, Sir, to "come with ſuch a confidence of ſafety to "ſurvey and reconnoitre the fortifications?" "I replied with a great deal of confidence, I came in ſearch of ſome Engliſh ſeamen who had deſerted, and my walk round the fort was merely for amuſement. At which time the lady of the hotel where I lodged, pleaded my cauſe with great tenderneſs and ſucceſs---to the no ſmall diſappointment of thoſe who had appeared againſt me. I am ſo ſenſible of the charity of this female ſtranger, ---that I ſhall fight the reſt of my life, a ſoldier under their banner, nor deſire a ſweeter death, than in the defence of their injured virtues. I was immediately diſmiſſed,---and a guard ordered to ſee me depart,---a departure to me of no reluctance.---I ſhall leave the kingdom of *Bengal* in a few days,---having repaired the damages our ſhip had ſuſtained in the monſoon ſtorm.---The waſte and devaſtation made by the ſtorm is not to

be deſcribed: the whole country appears a general deluge; men, women, beaſts, houſes, &c. are promiſcuouſly ſwept into the ocean. For ſome days, like old *Deucalion*, I've rowed in a boat through the town, making a ſtable my habitation, our houſe, with ſome hundreds, being in ruins; and yet they are of a make ſo ſuperior to the natives, one would think nothing could hurt them. The climate has certainly a great ſerenity,---but theſe hurricanes and cataracts of rain, tho' once a year, are ſufficient to float and blow one from *Bengal*.

" Fierce rain with light'ning mixt, water with
" fire
" In ruin reconcil'd.---Dreadful was the rack
" As earth and ſky would mingle: nor yet
" ſlept the winds
" Within their ſtony caves, but ruſh'd abroad
" From the four hinges of the world, and fell
" On the vaſt wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt pines,
" Tho' rooted deep as high, bow'd their ſtiff
" necks.----
" ---The floating veſſel ſwam uplifted; all
" ——Dwelling elſe
" Flood overwhelm'd, and them, with all
" their pomp,
" Deep under water rowl'd: ſea cover'd ſea;
" Sea without ſhore! and in their palaces,
" Where

" Where luxury lately reign'd, ſea monſters
" whelp'd,
" And ſtabled.——

My next will be from *Ceylon*, from whence you may be certain of deſcriptions as calm, as theſe are ruffled.—Adieu.—

LET-

## LETTER XIV.

To H. M. Eſq;

Ceylon, January 12, 1754.

IN croſſing the bay of *Bengal*, I had the pleaſure of ſeeing the celebrated pagoda of *Jaganat*, which is a lofty building on a low ſhore, and ſerves for an excellent land-mark to ſeamen. To this temple many thouſand Indians repair on pilgrimage, with annual offerings for their idol, repreſented in ſolid gold. The great wealth the prieſts of this pagoda have amaſſed from the donations of the ſuperſtitious, is beyond any thing you can conceive: for my own part, I would not wiſh to enjoy the office of high Bramin for more than one year,---to ſurpaſs all your biſhops and all their gleanings.---It much ſurpriſes me, ſince the death of *Alexander* the Mad, that none of our European mercenary mad-men have been mad enough to collect the eyes of theſe pagan gods; for they are large diamonds of ineſtimable value;---beſides, it would be no cruelty, tho' a cruel theft; for their godſhips would ſee quite as well. The *Engliſh Indians* ſeem to be nibbling,

bling, but none have that ſpirit ſo peculiar to *Alexander*, who would rob and burn a church as ſoon as a hen rooſt,—tho' all equally mercenary;—for 'tis with the view of lucre we come to India, and few make a bad uſe of their time.

" Fortuna multis dat nimis, nulli ſatis."

Our paſſage hath been pleaſant from the *Ganges*; but falling in with the coaſt of *Ceylon* in the night, had nearly loſt our ſhip, by the deception of a ſtrong current on the ſhore. ——This iſland is certainly the garden of the world,——but whether or no the original *Eden*, I ſhall not determine; the natives ſtrictly believe it ſo, and tho' their doctrine is entirely pagan,——yet the few faint lights they throw out of the firſt man and woman, and the conferences they believe the angels held with them on mount *Hammallell*, or *Adam*'s hill, give me ſtrong reaſons to believe, they might be converted to a better faith: but the Europeans, who viſit theſe climates, ſtudy the propagation of riches, not religion. The mountain, called Adam's Peak, is prodigiouſly lofty, and may be ſeen a number of leagues at ſea: on it's ſummit is a ſquare ſtone with the print of a man's foot upon it, which the Indians believe was made by God, when

when he paid his laſt viſit to our primitive parents; and ſuch is the reſpect and veneration paid to it—to make an annual pilgrimage up this lofty mountain, to kiſs the ſtone. My ſhort ſtay here will not permit me to make thoſe very particular remarks I could wiſh, for your amuſement: and tho' I have not aſcended to the top of this mountain,——yet the ſuperior view it gave me of the world below, without that film removed from my eyes, "which that falſe fruit that promiſed clearer "ſight had bred," brought to my memory that deſcriptive paſſage of Milton's, when Michael, from a hill in Paradiſe, ſhows Adam the whole world.

"————It was a hill,
"Of Paradiſe the higheſt; from whoſe top
"The hemiſphere of earth, in cleareſt ken,
"Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſ-
"pect lay.
"*The* eye might there command from th'
"deſtin'd walls
"Of *Cambalu*, ſeat of *Cathaian Can:*
"And *Samarcand* by *Oxus*, *Temir*'s throne;
"To *Pekin* of *Senæan* kings: and thence
"To *Agra*, and *Lahor*, of great *Mogul*;
"Down to the golden *Chirſoneſe:* or where
"The *Perſian* in *Ecbatan* ſat, or ſince
"In *Hiſpahan*."————

My

My aſcending the ſouthern ſide of this tremendous mountain, which only commanded the iſland and the ſea, deprived me of that northern proſpect which lay behind from *Cambalu* to *Hiſpahan*."——This place ſeems to be choſen by the God of Nature for the ſweeteſt and the faireſt fruit-trees of the creation; here is every thing that can pleaſe the taſte, the ſmell, the ſight,—and if all the delicious productions of the earth, the ſereneſt ſky, plenty, health, long life, beds of roſes, purling ſtreams, aromatick bowers, and eternal ſummer, entitle a place to the name of Paradiſe, this is the delightfuleſt ſpot upon earth,—I cannot ſay ſo much for it's inhabitants, when the mildneſs of ſuch a climate does not render them leſs ſavage.—But if we allow the firſt pair to be expelled Eden,—in the courſe of years—it might as well be poſſeſſed by the race of *Cain* as *Adam*.—And if we agree the deluge was univerſal, the inundation might alter many particulars, without entirely rooting every tree peculiar to ſo fair a ſpot,—and then the diſobedient race of *Ham* might extend themſelves as well from *Laſha* to *Ceylon*, as from *Babel* to *Laſha*, tho' I rather believe them black from the intenſe heat of the ſun, than ſtigmatized by any curſe denounced againſt them.

Your's, &c.

LET-

## LETTER XV.

### To J. T. Eſq.

Tellecherry, February 7, 1755.

THE ſcene is greatly changed by changing the coaſt: the inhabitants of *Malabar* are an hardy, roving, warlike people, and from this place to cape *Comoroon*, are chiefly pirates and morattoes, that ſubſiſt by plunder. In paſſing from this port to *Anjengo*, we were viſited by *Angria*'s cruizers, who amuſed our attention by a diſtant cannonading, and night attacks: I muſt own, I had a deſire to be more cloſely connected with them, to repeat what my uncle Commodore *Bagwell* beſtowed upon them. I have made many enquiries after his unhappy ſhipwreck, but have never heard of one plank being found of ſo many valuable veſſels. I find his memory lamented and reſpected in every part of *India* I have travelled through,—which has been ſome advantage to me, a young voyager. He bears a very ſingular character for a ſeaman, being never heard to ſwear an oath;—a circumſtance too rarely met with,——and much to be lamented. The *Banyan*, who tranſacted his affairs, told me he rowed from

*Ingelee*

*Ingelee* down the *Ganges* in ſight of his fleet,—after his victory over *Angria*; but tempeſtuous weather coming on, obliged him to return, which was the laſt ſight of that valuable victorious ſquadron of ſeven ſail. In the *Reſolution* * he had immenſe wealth of the Portugueſe, who were removing their families and effects from *Goa*, on account of an inſurrection amongſt the ſlaves;—this appears by the letters Mr. Bagwell writ from *Malabar*,—for no ſoul ſurvived with him to tell the tale.——From the many ſervices he did the *Eaſt-India Company*, in a ſervitude of 36 years, and at laſt, after a memorable victory, ended his life in that ſervice;—one would imagine they would pay a charitable attention to his kindred,—but alas!———

The inhabitants of this coaſt, are very different to thoſe of *Bengal* and *Coromandel*, being rather ſavage than effeminate,—and the country barren than fertile:—the natives attribute the ſcarcity of every thing to their long inteſtine wars, but the land appears to me naturally ſterile. There is a petty prince, who has a ſmall tract of land, on this coaſt, the terror of the Engliſh, French, Dutch, and Portu-

* Mr. Bagwell ſailed in the year 1740 againſt *Angria*.

Portugueſe: he's ſtiled the king of *Travancour*, and from repeated conqueſts is become dreaded. He's an active warrior, ſenſible and penetrating; and from rewards and obſervance, has brought the making of all military ſtores and implements to great perfection. Our Indian wars in the end will be like thoſe of the Romans,——we ſhall beat Barbarians into ſuch diſcipline, that they in the end will beat their maſters. The different ſects of idolaters are innumerable on theſe coaſts, which makes it difficult to diſtinguiſh them by any particular name: were they of one opinion, the *Mahometans* would never reign over a people ſo ſuperior in numbers. Here is a wandering tribe called *Faquiers*, who paſs their lives in acts of penance, to be examples to the world of fortitude and conſtancy, and the greater they make their voluntary ſufferings, they hope their ſtate will be the more exalted hereafter. Some vow never to uncloſe their hands,—others to keep them ſtretched to heaven; ſome never to ſit or lye down; and by prayer, penance, and faſting, they bring themſelves to ſuch a ſtate of apathy, to be hardly call'd alive. Before I left *Bengal*, there was a rich man vowed he would meaſure, by his own lengths, the diſtance between *Calcutta* and *Balaſſore*, which is about 300 miles, and did it. Here ignorance and ſuperſtition go hand

hand in hand,—or who could imagine a man would convert himſelf to a rod to meaſure the earth. Here is another ſect who pay their addreſſes to the devil,—nor can I help thinking but there is ſome reaſon, and more humour in the thought,—adding, God is too good to hurt his own creatures,—and a wicked devil may be prevented by prayer. In ſhort, they are ſo very extravagant in their beliefs, that I muſt deſtroy your's to tell you half I know.—The trading commodity of this coaſt is chiefly pepper, which is a creeper; the leaf like the vine, and the fruit grows in cluſters: they plant it at the foot of a tall palm tree, or place poles for it to run up.—I hope you'll think this vegetable digreſſion as *apropos* as the introduction of a farce at the theatre, after a *wonderful* deep tragedy, to relieve the minds of the audience ———

Yours, &c.

LET-

## LETTER XVI.

To G. T. Eſq;

St. Helena, May 30, 1755.

AFTER a paſſage of 85 days, (one and twenty of which were ſo dead calm, that the very ſea grew putrid) we are arrived at this ſmall particle of earth, placed in the midſt of an immenſe ocean, and ſo very removed from any thing terreſtrial, that it ſurprizes me it is not waſhed away and diſſolved in ſuch a body of waters,—the baſis is ſo very ſmall, and the rock ſo perpendicular, that with our deepeſt line and plummet we can find no ground but in one place round this iſland, and there the bank is ſo ſmall and ſteep, as not to admit of more than twelve ſail of ſhips. It is diſtinguiſhed to you by a ſingle black dot on the general map, and 'tis hardly more on the ſea, which makes it ſo difficult to find. The Dutch (who are not quite ſuch alert navigators as the Engliſh) call it *Butter* iſland; they ſay the ſun melts it,—and tho' there may be ſome humour in the thought, yet 'tis a ſmall apology for their want of vigilance. One would imagine the

God

God of nature intended this ſpot for the recreation of ſeamen, in their long paſſages through theſe ſouthern ſeas,—and as a guide to ſo ſmall a place, gave a peculiar pidgeon to inhabit it, and direct the voyager. This bird rambles an hundred miles to windward, and nearly on an eaſt and weſt line in the latitude of the iſland: an herald as pleaſing to us, as that to *Noah* with the olive branch, being a certain indication we have not paſſed the iſle: but, what is ſtill more extraordinary, theſe birds are never ſeen to leeward. The ſailing into this port is romantic beyond deſcription, the rocks being ſo lofty, and your ſhip paſſing ſo near them, they make a perfect canopy between you and the heavens. A veſſel from the ſummit of theſe hills appears no bigger than her boat or buoy, and her men, like thoſe in *Lear*, gathering ſamphire on the rocks of *Dover*. *Saint Helena* is ſituated in the ſereneſt clime I ever breathed in, and delightfully temperate,——not ſubject to either hurricanes or earthquakes, for one concuſſion would throw it down like a nine pin,—and the water diſſolve it like a lump of ſugar. The ſurface is good mould, and would produce all kinds of grain, was it not infeſted with mice and rats, which devour it as ſoon as ſown;—the inhabitants, therefore, are obliged

obliged to eat yams *, inſtead of bread, ſome part of the year ; their meal and corn being brought annually in the ſtore ſhips from England. Every family has two houſes ;—their town habitation being in St. James's valley, where they inſtantly repair on the arrival of a ſhip, to regale the ſea gentry with the produce of their farms. Every houſe, like *Bath*, is let out in lodgings,——and exorbitantly dear ;——for as valetudinarians make one market,—the arrival of a ſcurvy fleet makes the other. Their profits are great, when you conſider they raiſe all their own ſtock, enjoy it with their lodgers,—and make them likewiſe moſt extravagantly pay for it, which we Tars do with profuſeneſs :—for the ſhort time we ſtay, the mind's in a perfect enchantment; the power of *Circe* o'er the companions of *Ulyſſes*, is not to be compared with our ſituation, nor her magick ſpells, with the intoxicating de-

* The yam is an eſculent root, not unlike the potatoe,—the beſt of which comes from China. It is boiled, cut in ſlices, and eat as bread.—I prefer it to every root of the earth,—not to eat as bread,—but in the manner we do the potatoe : the juice of it, before boiled, is of a very poiſonous nature ;—I have ſeen the experiment made upon cats.

delights of *St. Helena* :—every thing appears like a ſcene of incantation, to an eye ſo long confined to ſky and water,—a body corrupted with ſalt food,—and the jet beauties of *India* exchanged for the faireſt goddeſſes. It is ſuch a ſcene of rapture, that had that child of fancy, *Shakeſpear*, beheld it, after ſuch a voyage as ours, his deſcriptions and imagery would (if poſſible) have ſurpaſſed every thing he has given us,——for I may truly ſay with him,

" The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
" Is only *Helena*.———
*Midſummer-night's Dream*."

The women are delicately fair, and in general ornamented with that hair given to *Venus* and the *Graces* :—from the bounties of the *China* gentlemen, their dreſſes have as much variety as the goldfinch,——and their behaviour amiable and endearing ;—in one word, no man ever came to St. *Helena*, but left his heart with a nymph of the iſland :—their ſtudy is to make you happy while you continue with them, and their good ſenſe, and elegance of manners, aſſure them ſucceſs. You'll ſay I'm captivated from the raptures of my ſtile, was I not, I ſhould be a dull inanimate exception, where I would wiſh to be thought other-

otherwiſe. I muſt confeſs here is a Miſs G***th's ſurpaſſes all deſcription,——a very *Calypſo* to detain a young *Telemachus*; and ſo entangle him in the web of love,——that it would require the art and knowledge of *Mentor* to diſengage him:—alas! I hardly know how I ſhall eſcape; to be precipitated from the top of one of theſe rocks, would be a fall as fatal as *Sappho*'s, ending at once all love and heart-ach, unleſs ſome *Minerva*, or guardian genius ſaved me, to prove *Cambray's Telemachus* as true as moral.

Yours, &c.

LET-

## LETTER XVII.

To L. L. Eſq.

St. Helena, June 6, 1755.

IF a man can be intoxicated without liquour, I certainly am; and as much over head and ears in love, as ever ſwimming *Læander* was with his fair *Hero*. I believe the philtrum operates ſo ſtrongly to even make a rhymer of me, to make me even attempt a ſonnet to my miſtreſs's eye-brow.—I have heard them ſay, *Poeta naſcitur non fit*,—but I believe love makes more men poets than nature;—— the ſeeds of poetry would never riſe in ſome bodies, were it not for the fire of love;—— which plainly proves, without further altercation, love makes and conquers all. I ſhall not pretend, my friend, to give you examples of *Dan Cupid*'s power from *Hercules* and *Omphale*, to this and *St. Helena*;—but I ſhall ſwear you loſe the delights of *Enna*,—and the charms of *Proſerpine*, by not being here.—O was I *Dis*, to pluck the faireſt flower that ever grew!——but ſhe's a divinity, and will only be forced to what ſhe likes.—Excuſe me!

tea is ready;—ſhe makes it,—you ſhall have the reſt to-morrow.

Would one imagine it in the power of evil to make ſuch a revolution,—ſuch a cataſtrophe in twenty-four hours! O my friend, I am expelled Paradiſe: the ſea is all before me where to roam.—I'm cabin'd,—crib'd,—confin'd: alas, ſhe's loſt——and all the world with her!—It is thus with all the tranſitory bleſſings of this life; they're painted fair to leave a bitterer grief.—The tale is thus:—a ball was given by the rival of Miſs G. to which all were invited but us;—a ſufficient cauſe to raiſe the indignation of beauty, when raiſed for me to reſent it.—Love is blind.—She propoſed I ſhould write a paſquinade, and place it on the door of her houſe, *Scribere juſſit amor.*—Love bid me write, and folly made me do it;—Two *Urchins*, as powerful here, (where one would not think it worth their while to ramble) as in *England*. In the morning it was read and copied by all the town, and the bantling laid to me:—a challenge from her hero was what I expected—and what I wiſhed,—to convince my love, what lives I'd riſk to only die with her. The glove came:—we met, where ſhe appeared more lovely than before;

before;—but alas, her tenderneſs deſtroyed my happineſs! She flew and acquainted my commander, (whoſe goodneſs was only inferior to her own) who was as aſſiduous to ſave as I to die for her. Thus, when ripe and ready to revenge her cauſe, I was ſecured,—born on ſhip board, and confined.—So the preſerving my life, has preſerved my miſery. I now ſit ſighing to the rocks, and melancholy preying on my ſpirits.—I bid the gales ſpeed my wiſhes to her ears!—but all, but grief avoid me.—The ſubſequent lines I have ſent her; they are my firſt; and if they are poetry, remember love made them——

To Miſs G**ths.

O, had you let me fought, and death my fate!
I had prefer'd it to this cruel ſtate.
I'll bear a thouſand racks, a thouſand pains;
To live with you upon your ſea-girt plains.
Who would have thought your tenderneſs could prove,
The great'ſt mis'ry to the man you love!
Oh had I died! my griefs had ended there,
My tomb had leap'd for joy to catch your tear:

In joy I'd ſleep beneath your flow'ry ſod,
And my poor ghoſt had kiſs'd the ground you trod.
I had been pity'd by the young and fair,
And had your daily morn and ev'ning pray'r:
A joy beyond what life can ever prove,
When torn from her,——from her I dearly love.
O, ever lovely, ever virtuous tell!
Cannot, O cannot we have one farewell?
One kiſs, one ſigh, one mutual promiſe too,
One long embrace, one cruel laſt adieu?
Curſe on the power of man,——the force of arms.
That can detain me from thy heav'nly charms!
Why this ſuperiority, ye ſlaves?
Why hold me here, ye tyrants of the waves?
O had I Sampſon's ſtrength I'd force my way,
Or with me bury thoſe who held my ſtay!
O let me try the deep! e'en—there I can
Find with the fiſh a better friend than man!
Think ye that fiſh are half ſo hard as ye!
There's friendſhip 'mongſt the monſters of the ſea.
Come, painted Dolphin, ſpare thy gen'rous aid,
And, like *Arion*, bear me to my maid:

See, where he comes! bluſh, ye unfeeling
ſouls;
He vows to ſwim me 'tween the diſtant
poles.
The pidgeons too—obſerve their feeling ſenſe!
Offer their ſilver wings to wing me hence.
Monſters are gentle, kind; but man, poor
fool,
Is grown a ſavage, having power to rule.
Then, ſince 'tis thus,——come hither fiſh,
and birds,
And jointly bear her——theſe laſt parting
words.
" Tell her I'll love her, while the clouds
" drop rain,
" Or while there's water in the pathleſs
" main
" Tell her, I'll love her 'till this life is o'er,
" And then my ghoſt ſhall viſit this ſweet
" ſhore:
" Tell her, I only aſk,——ſhe'll think of
" me,
" I'll love her while there's ſalt within the
" ſea:
" Tell her all this; tell her it o'er and o'er:
" The anchor's weigh'd, or I would tell her
" more."

Farewell,

## LETTER XVIII.

To H. M. Eſq.

Plymouth, Auguſt 2, 1755.

NOTHING can be dearer to me than you, and the ſight of my native country; and I flatter myſelf nothing can give you more pleaſure than the news of our arrival. It would be the higheſt injuſtice in me not to embrace the earlieſt opportunity, to mention the kindneſſes of captain Ward——to whom I'm ſo much indebted, that I could wiſh you would acknowledge my ſenſe of his care and friendſhip. Our voyage has been quick, and ſucceſsful, tho' I think every thing at ſea and on ſhore wear the air of war. We were four large ſhips in company, and richer far than ſtrong, being weakly man'd, by deaths and deſertions. We ſhould have been a *douceur* for the French, and very eaſy prizes; but an Engliſh cruiſer diſpelled our fears, and conducted us under the ſhade of *Mount Edgecombe*, which has romantick beauties peculiar to itſelf,——and inferior to none.

The

The garden hangs upon a rock ſo high,
That looking down offends the aching eye :
In vain hoarſe waves aſſail the pleaſant ſeat,
Yet give a motion to the Britiſh fleet ;
Which, from the lofty mount, appear to be
Mere little cock-boats dancing on the ſea.
There rolls the ocean,——where a hundred
ſail,
Steer diff'rent courſes with the ſame freſh
gale :
Like buſy bees to various ports repair,
To get a cargo, or to leave one there.
On the left-hand's the dock, where hurry
reigns,
And ſounds of hammers clatter thro' the
plains.
Some ſhips unrig'd, ſome rigging, and again
Some building, and ſome fit to try the main :
Some on their cruizes move with ſtately pride,
And guns and ports checquer the painted ſide :
Her canvaſs wings the gentle breezes court,
Firm as her noble crew ſhe quits the port,
To fight her country's wrong,——and as ſhe
paſt,
From either ſide burſt forth a horrid blaſt,
Of fire and ſmoak, which ſuch a thunder
made,
That all but ſuch a crew might be afraid :

The very atmoſphere confeſs'd the roar,
Whilſt ſhe unſhaken paſt the trembling ſhore.

Theſe verſes will confirm all your fears,—— for in ſpite of advice, reſtraint, and threats, nature will prevail, and I muſt be poetical in ſpite of my ſtars: for poetry is like oil in water,—— ever at top: what will be the conſequence, time will declare,——your dread is poverty,——a dread I've little conception of, when I flatter myſelf with the grand prize in the *Heliconian* lottery. You will think I talk with too much poetical confidence of myſelf: all poets are vain, and young ones moſt ſo,—but we are all more or leſs partial to the babes of our own brains,——not that I think I'm ſprung from the head of *Minerva*, becauſe ſhe ſprung from the head of her father:—— no, I'm proud in being her ſon,——who was happy in being ſiſter to you. This is a pleaſing theme to me, and more ſo when I recollect the little cautions and methods you made uſe of to divert me to ſome more uſeful ſtudy: how you diſcharged all poetry from your library, in hopes of extinguiſhing thoſe ſparks which had appeared ſo early;—but the claſſical fuel given by the learned Dr. Cox*, in my

* This worthy gentleman kept the celebrated ſchool at *Harrow*, but by an unhappy marriage one of his amiable daughters made, (unknown to

my ſcholaſtic hours, rather raiſed the flame than decreaſed it. And ſince I am reſolved to tell you every thing, he often lamented your eaſy diſpoſition in giving way to my juvenile deſires of a ſea life: for *me juvat ire per altum*, was all I writ and all I thought of. All boys, more or leſs, poſſeſs romantick ideas of ambition, and travels:——we are all *Don Quixot's* in our youth,—and all build our caſtles in the air,—and theſe whimſical notions are often encreaſed by our firſt books: I muſt own the campaigns of *Charles* XII. debauched me to be as mad as himſelf.—The fatigues and dangers have not in the leaſt altered my intentions of following a ſea life; but there are other diſagreeable circumſtances which fulfil the ſaying,——"If he's good for nothing, "ſend him to ſea." From ſuch expreſſions, one would imagine all ſeamen were brutes, but we find it often contradicted by men of amiable characters,——and much



the father) with Mr. Pen, a youth under his care, incenſed that family to ruin his ſchool.——The young gentleman was ſent to *Philadelphia*, nor never more permitted to ſee a wife he dearly loved:——a lady with every virtue and accompliſhment.——Theſe misfortunes brought Dr. Cox to *Hampſtead*, about the year 1749;——he afterwards moved to *Kenſington*, where he died in the year 1757.

much ſo in him I have the happineſs to be placed with. Our ſhip at preſent is a perfect Indian market, the dealers continually going and coming, like induſtrious ants, laying up their winters ſtore. You may be certain my venture is reſerved for you, if it eſcapes the harpies of the cuſtoms; for nothing can equal the happineſs of preſenting them to the beſt of parents.

Your's, &c.

LET-

# LETTER XIX.

## To J. T. Eſq.

Sterling Caſtle in the Downs,

November, 1755.

I HAVE a thouſand doubts whether you'll be pleaſed or diſſatisfied with my conduct, when I tell you I've quitted penury and commerce, for arms and glory: but I am confident you cannot accuſe me with inattention, when you find me but one week on ſhore after an India voyage. I know not what apology to make for ſo precipitate a change, unleſs a ſpirit of ſerving my country will admit of an excuſe. Prizes are brought in here every day, and we, with a flying ſquadron, have traverſed every drop of water between *Dover* and *Calais*, in full queſt of flat-bottom'd boats,---tho' they are as far in the country, as you are in Yorkſhire. Youth and good ſpirits will conquer the greateſt difficulties; but the ſea life is ſo oppoſite to our idea of human nature, that I am aſtoniſhed ſo many engage in the purſuit, when ſo

few

few approve it.---If I have met with one tar who was uneaſy on ſhore, I have found thouſands in a worſe ſituation at ſea. Beſides the diſagreeable circumſtances and ſituations attending a ſubaltern officer in the navy, are ſo many and ſo hard, that had not the firſt men in the ſervice paſſed the dirty road to preferment, to encourage the reſt, they would renounce it to a man. It is a moſt miſtaken notion, that a youth will not be a good officer unleſs he ſtoops to the moſt menial offices; to be beded worſe than hogs, and eat leſs delicacies. In ſhort from having experienced ſuch ſcenes of filth and infamy, ſuch fatigues and hardſhips, they are ſufficient to diſguſt the ſtouteſt and the braveſt:---for alas! there is only a little hope of promotion ſprinkled in the cup, to make a man ſwallow more than he digeſts the reſt of his life. The ſtate of inferior officers in his majeſty's ſervice is a ſtate of vaſſalage, and a lieutenant's preferment the greateſt in it,---the change is at once from a filthy maggot to a ſhining butterfly: many methods might be introduced to make the lower officers of more conſequence on their duty, and their lives more agreeable to themſelves:-----for that power of reducing them to ſweep the decks, being lodged in the breaſt of a captain, is often abuſed through paſſion or caprice: beſides,

ſides, it is too deſpotic an authority to exerciſe on a man, who has the feelings of an Engliſhman: we are likewiſe to recollect, that all commanders of men of war are not gentlemen nor men of education.—I know a great part are brave men, but a much greater, ſeamen. I allow the maxim of learning to obey, before we command ourſelves: but ſtill there is no reaſon to be vulgar; for we are to conſider theſe young people are the active machines of duty, the wheels which give motion to the main body,—and it is abſolutely neceſſary to give them authority in their office, to carry on the duties of the ſhip,---but rendering them low in the eyes of the people, creates a contempt for midſhipmen in general, and turns that neceſſary reſpect due to them into contempt.——I propoſe to warrant this body of volunteers, and make them anſwer to the board of admiralty for their conduct: they ſhould poſſeſs a third table in the ſhip, and have the countenance of their ſuperiors: this would enliven their ſervitude, and make them of conſequence on their duty. The command of a lieutenant is great, and on his watch he too often breaks through the bounds of good manners and decency: it is a power ſo extenſive that when placed in the breaſt of a weak man, may be greatly abuſed: tho' there is already ſuch a reformation,

reformation in the Britiſh navy, as would even remove thoſe ſatyrical epithets ſo generally made uſe of to their diſrepute. The laſt war, a chaw of tobacco, a rattan, and a rope of oaths, were ſufficient *qualifications* to conſtitute a lieutenant: but now education and good manners are the ſtudy of all: and ſo far from effeminacy, that I am of opinion the preſent race of officers will as much eclipſe the veterans of 1692, as the polite, the vulgar. My intention of giving theſe hints, are for the benefit of my couſin, who is determined on this life. He may depend on it, I will not omit a circumſtance for his advantage, but make a fair ſide of debtor and creditor. I ſhall give him a letter of advice for his conduct,——which I hope will convince him how true I am his friend, and

Your's, &c.

LET-

## LETTER XX.

### To J. T. Junior.

Portſmouth, May 21, 1756.

THIS day we have declared war againſt the French, a war, which I hope may prove glorious to my country, and honourable to the navy. I find you are abſolutely determined to follow a ſea life, I therefore beg your attention to the ſubſequent advice, for your ſervice and future conduct.

You now live under the care and protection of a moſt indulgent parent, where you enjoy all the bleſſings this world can afford, and his paternal affection: theſe you muſt loſe immediately on your launching into the ſea ſervice, and tho' a youth, you will be under the neceſſity of commencing your own guardian. Here are no back doors through which you can make your eſcape, nor any humane boſoms to alleviate your feelings; at once you reſign a good table for no table, and a good bed for your length and breadth: nay, it will be thought an indulgence too, to let you ſleep where day ne'er enters, and where freſh air only

only comes when forced. You muſt get up every four hours,—for they never forget to call you, tho' you may forget to riſe; but when you begin, I wiſh you to be vigilant and active. Your light for day and night is a ſmall candle, which is often ſtuck at the ſide of your platter at meals, for want of a better convenience: your victuals are ſalt, and often bad, and if you vary the mode of dreſſing them, you muſt cook yourſelf; I would recommend you always to have tea and ſugar;—the reſt you muſt truſt to, for you'll ſcarce find room for any more than your cheſt and hammock, and the latter at times you muſt carry upon deck to defend you from ſmall ſhot, unleſs you keep one of the ſailors in fee with a little brandy, (which is a good friend at ſea) but always drink it mixed with water. In the moſt inclement weather, you are the moſt required as an example, and to ſee the duty properly executed, you muſt be at the extreme parts of the maſts and yards. When you begin, be reſolute and perſevere, but conſider it well before you engage, for theſe are only faint ſketches, when compared with reality.

The two firſt rules I would have you obſerve, are theſe: firſt, Avoid low company: ſecondly,

ſecondly, Hold-faſt! One is material for the preſervation of the ſoul, the other of the body. Low company is the moſt fatal rock to a young mariner, and nothing can ſave you from it but a neceſſary pride, which muſt be ſupported in ſpite of all the lures thrown out by vice, to corrupt and debauch you: you'll find it a noble conqueſt, and by avoiding it, obtain the eſteem of your ſuperiors, and the reſpect of inferiors; nothing can recommend and promote you ſo ſoon; and on the other hand, nothing ſo ſoon degrade and ruin you. Low company is the bane of all young men, but in a man of war, you have the collected filths of jails: condemned criminals have the alternative of hanging, or entering on board. There's not a vice committed on ſhore, but is practiſed here; the ſcenes of horror and infamy on board of a man of war, are ſo many and ſo great, that I think they muſt rather diſguſt a good mind, than allure it. I do not mean, by this advice, to have you appear a dull inactive being, that ſhudders amidſt theſe horrors; no, I would wiſh you to ſee them in their own proper ſhapes,——for to be hated they need but to be ſeen: paſs thro' them with vivacity, but never let them lay hold of you. You will find ſome little outward appearance of religion,—and Sunday prayers!

prayers !—but the congregation is generally drove together by the boatſwain, (like ſheep by the ſhepherd) who neither ſpares oaths or blows. In ſpite of all theſe you may be good, your church and religion muſt be in your own breaſt,—and tho' every thing is in hurry and noiſe, yet you may always have time enough to addreſs a ſupreme BEING, with all that fervency of ſoul the good ſeek him with : and in ſuch a miſerable ſituation of trial,---how glorious the conqueſt ! Put all your truſt and confidence in GOD, for no principles but thoſe of religion, are ſufficient to conſtitute a great man ; for believe me in various ſituations of a ſea life, you'll find your own ſtrength but feeble ; and if you depend on Heaven, Heaven will never diſown you. Suppoſing you poſſeſs a natural courage, you'll find that courage a brutal one, when carried into wrath and revenge : a practical courage is the beſt, and a courage of that kind muſt be obtained by good acts, experience, and a perfect reliance upon God. You know you ſet out with the ambitious hope of commanding ; conſequently, when you obtain that preferment, you muſt poſſeſs ability ſuperior to thoſe you govern, which can only be attained by integrity of heart, ſtudy, manners, ſobriety, diligence, and experience.

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The ſtudies I would have you purſue before you leave home, are theſe : a ſufficient knowledge of your own language, to ſpeak it politely, and write it correctly, which cannot be attained without ſome Latin ; and when you have once got the rudiments of that language, you will find leiſure time enough on board to make yourſelf more perfect. Of the living languages apply yourſelf firſt to French ; it is univerſally ſpoke and underſtood, and will give you a ſuperiority where ever you go. Never be baſhful, but ſpeak it with confidence upon all occaſions : no man ever ſpoke it fluently at firſt ; it muſt be time and uſe which can perfect a work of that nature. If you have opportunity, learn likewiſe the Spaniſh and Italian : if mathematicks draw your attention more, don't ſkim along the ſurface, but dive to the very bottom ; for the ſea ſervice may be productive of many uſeful diſcoveries for the good of navigation in general, and for your own pleaſure, honour, and emolument. But, to qualify you ſufficiently for a ſeaman, you will find the theory as taught in ſchools, enough for your purpoſe, and the practical part will be ſoon accompliſhed at ſea, unleſs that part which depends on experience ;---for 'tis a

juſt

juſt obſervation, that a ſailor has always ſomething to learn,---every voyage producing new circumſtances.---Drawing, fortification, ſurveying coaſts, and harbours, are moſt neceſſary qualifications ; and for more light accompliſhments, fencing and dancing. Muſical inſtruments are ſufficiently tormented in all ſhips ; I would have you leave them for books.---All theſe ſhould be attained before fifteen, (unleſs you go to Portſmouth academy) for you muſt ſerve ſix years before you are entitled to an examination at the Navy-Office, to qualify you for the rank of lieutenant or maſter : twenty or twenty one, is as ſoon as I would wiſh you to take the charge of a watch : to conduct yourſelf well in that circle requires great abilities and attention. It is a miſtaken notion, that any blockhead will make a ſeaman : yet, I confeſs, there are many men of illiberal parts who call themſelves ſeamen, as any other occupation can boaſt of. In ſhort, it is ſo diametrically oppoſite, that I don't know one ſituation in life, that requires ſo accompliſhed an education, as the ſea officer. To ſhine in the character, (which we hope every man has ambition enough to wiſh) he ſhould be a man of letters and languages, a mathematician, and an accompliſhed gentleman. The variety of countries

countries he viſits, the numbers he has to govern, and the long abſence from the female world, give him more occaſion for a good education, than any other employ. The army is an academy,---the ſea makes them as boiſterous as the very element ; therefore they require more ; for the leaſt acquaintance with the liberal ſciences, ſoftens the manners of men, and makes them leſs ſavage.

——Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros.

Your's &c.

LET-

# LETTER XXI.

## To J. T. Junior.

Torbay, June 19, 1756.

WE are now going down the Britiſh Channel with money and troops for the continent of *North America*;——but before we depart, I beg your attention a little longer.---In my laſt, I pointed out to you a plan of education, and the fatal conſequences of low company. I now recommend you to avoid ſleep and indolence when your watch is expired, which are practiſed by thoſe who have neither ability or attention to amuſe themſelves by more improving ſtudies. In ſuch intervals, I would have you purſue your ſcholaſtic education: in your journal delineate the head lands and coaſts you ſee,---with their bearings and diſtances, and all other obſervations that may occur; for you cannot make too many, in order to acquire the character of an able ſeaman. Every day obſerve the ſhip's run on ſome Mercator's chart, the variation of the compaſs, the ſetting of currents, &c. &c. but I would rather have you project a map for that purpoſe:---beſides taking off the common daily occurrences of the log-board,

log-board, keep an hiſtorical journal, after the manner of our beſt voyages: in which inſert the deſcription of places, the manners, cuſtoms, habits, languages, worſhip, and policy of men; the produce, culture, and manufactory of each country; the curioſities, phœnomena, birds, beaſts, fiſh, vegetables, and minerals of each place, &c. &c. From ſuch obſervation, we have collected our hiſtories of foreign countries, and tho' they be ever ſo puerile; you can correct and embelliſh them in maturer years; the obſervations which ſtrike you will be ever good and true; for an elegance of writing muſt ariſe from polite converſe, experience, and reading.---As you will be much diſtreſſed for room on ſhip-board, and your library a moving one, you muſt endeavour to have it ſmall and ſelect. The books I recommed you to ſtudy in the Latin, are,---Eraſmus, Cicero, Juſtin, Terence, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace. In the French, Les Revolutions D'Angleterre par le Pere D'Orleans, Cyrus, Telemachque, Les Revolutions Romain, Lettres de Rabutin, Hiſtoire de Charles XII. Roi de Sude, Boileau et Moliere. In the Spaniſh, you will do well, to read *well*, the agreeable Vida y hechos del ingenioſo Cavallero Don Quixote. In Engliſh, the Hiſtory of your own Country, the Spectators and Tatlers,

Tatlers, the Lives of the moſt eminent men, (whoſe great and good actions ever keep before you; do not truſt them to memory, but keep a book for the inſertion of all thoſe hiſtorical noble paſſages that pleaſe, which will be a means of ever retaining them.) In poetry, Dryden, Spencer, Otway, Prior, Gay, Swift, Pope, Milton, and the Bible, which I wiſh to be laſt read, to be better underſtood:---for nothing certainly can be ſo abſurd as to hear an old country dame teaching children what ſhe don't underſtand herſelf; from the methods which are thus purſued, neither the Bible is comprehended nor admired, tho' the nobleſt poem in the Engliſh language. We have likewiſe a variety of books of morality, and the beſt Sermons are Tillotſon's, Barrow's, and Atterbury's. I would likewiſe have you apply yourſelf to the pleaſing ſtudy of *Natural Philoſophy*, proceeding leiſurely from the hiſtory of meteors, minerals, plants, and living creatures, as far as Anatomy. I hope, from theſe few epiſtolary hints, you will receive ſome advantage, and if you practiſe them, be aſſured you will be an honour to the navy. It is now the happy taſte of the preſent age, to admire men of erudition and manners; as a proof, we are preſented with many of the *nobility*. To ſay we did not navigate and fight our ſhips well

in

in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH, would be an untruth; but from that age to this, we have been as unpoliſhed and rough as the element. It will bear no kind of argument to advance, that ignorance can act better than accompliſhed knowledge. I will venture to ſay, that the gentlemen of the navy will bring more laurels to their country, than were ever brought in any former time.——My laſt advice is, not to be too haſty in your choice of companions, nor to be captivated with the outward appearances of mankind, and ſmooth flattering ſpeeches; act always upon the reſerve before a ſtranger; ſift and canvaſs him well, before you take him to your boſom: preſerve a ſecret when entruſted to you, tho' of the moſt trifling conſequence: accuſtom yourſelf to it, for he that betrays his friend, deſerves to be betrayed: be very ſlow to give offence, and when really injur'd, act with fortitude: be ready to forgive, and endeavour to forget the errors of others: be rather prone to praiſe than cenſure: be warm on a man's virtues, and ſilent on his follies: tell the truth upon all occaſions, fallacious equivocations are ſtabs to a man's character: never drink to exceſs, nor let crimes committed in liquor paſs unnoticed: obſerve the medium between penury and profuſeneſs, and ſhun gaming, like a

ſunken rock. Theſe will prevent impoſitions, for on board of a ſhip, you muſt be prepared againſt the ſenſible pleaſant villain, and the low thief. Cheriſh the brave and honeſt; for in the navy you will find many worth your warmeſt friendſhip. Theſe paths lead to a ſteep aſcent, but when you gain the ſummit, you will look down with pleaſure on your conqueſt, finding yourſelf at once a comfort to your parents, a friend to ſociety, an honour to the navy, and a glory to your country. Applaud the ſenſible gentleman whenever and wherever you meet him, and deſpiſe the diſſolute and abandoned with,

Your ſincere friend, &c.

*The End of the* FIRST VOLUME.